VOLUME 154 NUMBER 8

LOOKING FORWARD

THE STORY OF John Coffey, entitled "Thief's Progress," as it runs in this journal, may be read in a variety of ways—as pure human interest, as an exciting crime club yarn, or as a revelation of the underworld. Increasingly, however, we think it will be borne in upon the reflective reader that it displays a recurring pattern of behaviour—set in childhood perhaps, and difficult to identify or study without the aid of a psychiatrist, yet so real and actual as to defy the ordinary circumstances of either prison or society to alter it.

IN THE LIGHT of its perusal, recent recommendations on the parole system in New York State take on a more vivid meaning. For no man can read it through, with its record of imprisonment after imprisonment, without an unhappy conviction of the heavy cost and inherent stupidity of our present method of dealing with our criminals. Costly, because our offenders against the law return again and again to prison. Stupid, because modern society knows more than to try to change any man by force and cruelty.

MODERN RECOMMENDATIONS include a recognition of these facts—an unreformed criminal is a social liability, in or out of prison—and look for a solution through an enlightened widening of the powers of those entrusted with the business of parole. A combination of the indeterminate sentence with the employment of psychiatrists might result first in curing certain criminals, and thus fitting them again into society through a decent employment bureau; and second in protecting society against those so abnormal as to be incapable of cure, by permanently preventing their return. Both steps would be in the direction of common sense.

CERTAINLY, we need not worry over a sentimental emptying of our jails through such modern methods. And in them lies some hope of real progress on a difficult problem.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

Outlook
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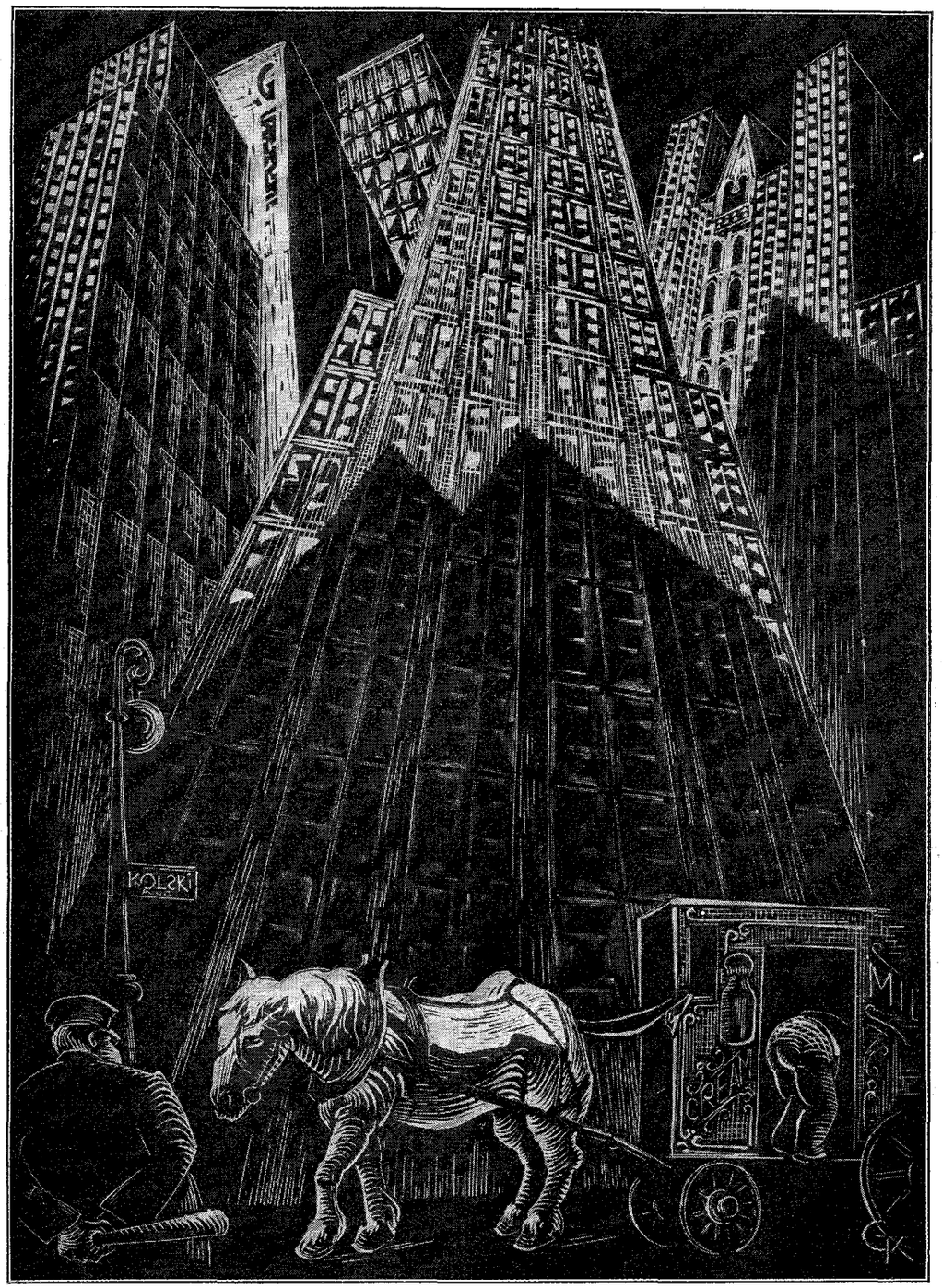

STEEL AND MILK
Wood engraving by Gan Kolski

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Outlook
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February 19, 1930

Homogeneous America

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

The distinguished English philosopher has lately been lecturing in this country, and this paper is one of the fruits of his wide travels. He is impressed by the prevailing similarity of outlook, of the tendency toward uniformity, and the consequent persecution of minorities; but he is not so fearful of the outcome as are some observers

THE EUROPEAN traveler in America—at least if I may judge by myself—is struck by two peculiarities: first the extreme similarity of outlook in all parts of the United States (except the old South) and secondly, the passionate desire of each locality to prove that it is peculiar and different from every other. The second of these is, of course, the cause of the first. Every place wishes to have a reason for local pride, and therefore cherishes whatever is distinctive in the way of geography or history or tradition. The greater the uniformity that in fact exists, the more eager becomes the search for differences that may mitigate it. The old South is in fact quite unlike the rest of America, so unlike that one feels as if one had arrived in a different country. It is agricultural, aristocratic, and retrospective, whereas the rest of America is industrial, democratic, and prospective.

When I say that America outside the old South is industrial, I am thinking even of those parts that are devoted almost wholly to agriculture, for the mentality of the American agriculturist is industrial. He uses much modern machinery; he is intimately dependent upon the railway and the telephone; he is very conscious of the distant markets to which his products are sent; he is in fact a capitalist who might just as well be in some other business. A peasant, as he exists in Europe and Asia, is practically unknown in the United States. This is an immense boon to America, and perhaps its most important superiority as compared to the Old World, for the peasant everywhere is cruel, avaricious, conservative and inefficient. I have seen orange groves in Sicily and orange groves in California; the contrast represents a period of about 2,000 years. Orange groves in Sicily are remote from trains and ships; the trees are old and gnarled and beautiful; the methods are those of classical antiquity. The men are ignorant and semi-savage, mongrel descendants of Roman slaves and Arab invaders: what they lack in intelligence towards trees they make up for by cruelty to animals. With moral degradation and economic incompetence goes an instinctive sense of beauty which is perpetually reminding one of Theocritus and the myth about the Garden of the Hesperides.

In a Californian orange grove the Garden of the Hesperides seems very remote. The trees are all exactly alike, carefully tended and at the right distance apart. The oranges, it is true, are not all exactly of the same size, but careful machinery sorts them so that automatically all those in one box are exactly similar. They travel along with suitable things being done to them by suitable machines at suitable points until they enter a suitable refrigerator car in which they travel to a suitable market. The machine stamps the words "Sunkist" upon them, but otherwise there is nothing to suggest that nature has any part in their production. Even the climate is artificial, for when there would otherwise be frost, the orange grove is kept artificially warm by a pall of smoke. The men engaged in agriculture of this kind do not feel themselves, like the agriculturists of former times, the patient servants of natural forces; on the contrary, they feel themselves the masters, and able to bend natural forces to their will.

There is therefore not the same difference in America as in the Old World between the outlook of industrialists and that of agriculturists. The important part of the environment in America is the human part; by comparison the non-human part sinks into insignificance. I was constantly assured in Southern California that the climate turned people into lotus eaters, but I confess I saw no evidence of this. They seemed to me exactly like the people in Minneapolis or Winnipeg, although climate, scenery and natural conditions were as different as possible in the two regions. When one considers the difference between a Norwegian and a Sicilian, and compares it with the lack of difference between a man from, say, North Dakota and a man from South California, one realizes the immense revolution in human affairs which has been brought about by man's becoming the master instead of the slave of his physical environment. Norway and Sicily both have ancient traditions; they had pre-Christian religions embodying men's reactions to the climate, and when Christianity came it inevitably took very different forms in the two countries. The Norwegian feared ice and snow; the Sicilian feared lava and

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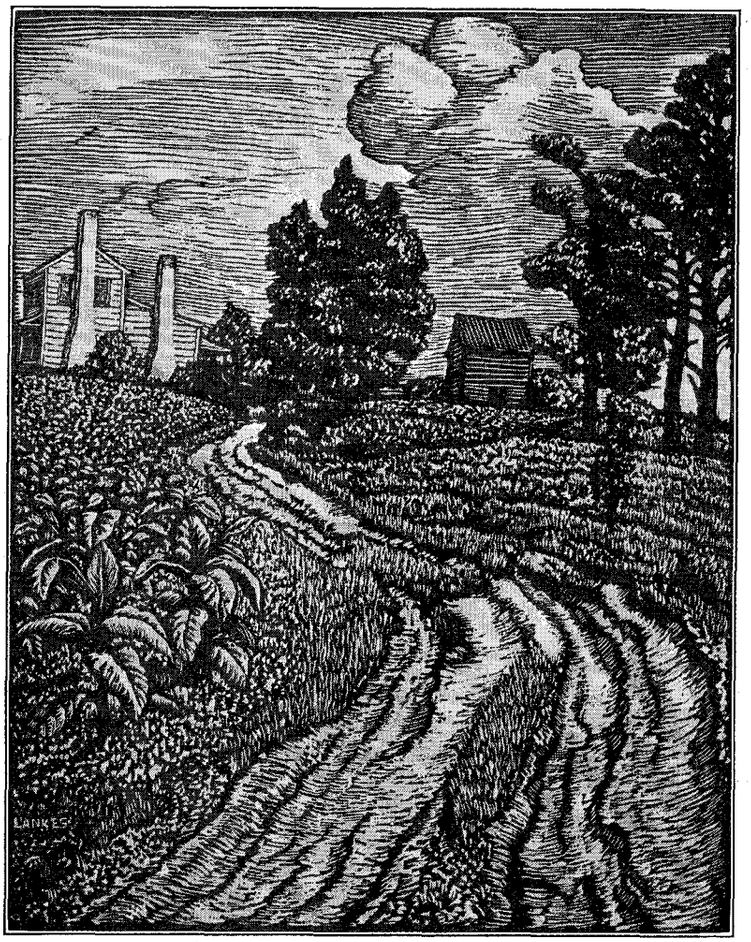
earthquakes. Hell was invented in a southern climate; if it had been invented in Norway, it would have been cold. But neither in North Dakota nor in South California is Hell a climatic condition: in both it is a stringency on the money market. This illustrates the unimportance of climate in modern life.

America is a man-made world: moreover it is a world which man has made by means of machinery. I am thinking not only of the physical environment, but also and quite as much of thoughts and emotions. Consider a really stirring murder: the murderer, it is true, may be primitive in his methods, but those who spread the knowledge of his deed do so by means of all the latest resources of science. Not only in the great cities, but in lonely farms on the prairie and in mining camps in the Rockies, the radio disseminates all the latest information, so that half the topics of conversation on a given day are the same in every household throughout the country. As I was crossing the plains in the train, endeavoring not to hear a loud speaker bellowing advertisements of soap, an old farmer came up to me with a beaming face and said: "Wherever you go nowadays you can't get away from civilization." Alas! How true! I was endeavoring to read Virginia Woolf, but the advertisements won the day.



WORN ROAD
Wood engraving by J. J. Lankes

Uniformity in the physical apparatus of life would be no grave matter, but uniformity in matters of thought and opinion is much more dangerous. It is, however, a quite inevitable result of modern inventions. Production is cheaper when it is unified and on a large scale than when it is divided into a number of small units. This applies quite as much to the production of opinions as to the production of pins. The principal sources of opinion in the present day are the schools, the churches, the press, the cinema and the radio. The teaching in the public schools must inevitably become more and more standardized as more use is made of apparatus. It may, I think, be assumed that both the cinema and the radio will play a rapidly increasing part in school education in the near future. This will mean that the lessons will be produced at a center and will be precisely the same wherever the material prepared at this center is used. Some churches, I am told, send out every week a model sermon to all the less educated of their clergy, who, if they are governed by the ordinary laws of human nature, are no doubt grateful for being saved the trouble of composing a sermon of their own. This model sermon, of course, deals with some burning topic of the moment, and aims at arousing a given mass emotion throughout the length and breadth of the land. The same thing applies in a higher degree to the press, which receives everywhere the same telegraphic news and is syndicated on a large scale. Reviews of my books, I find, are verbally the same from New York to San Francisco, and from Maine to Texas, except that they become shorter as one travels from the north-east to the south-west.

Perhaps the greatest of all forces for uniformity in the modern world is the cinema, since its influence is not confined to America but penetrates to all parts of the world, except the Soviet Union, which, however, has its own different uniformity. The cinema embodies, broadly speaking, Hollywood's opinion of what is liked in the Middle West. Our emotions in regard to love and marriage, birth and death are becoming standardized according to this recipe. To the young of all lands Hollywood represents the last word in modernity, displaying both the pleasures of the rich and the methods to be adopted for acquiring riches. I suppose the talkies will lead before long to the adoption of a universal language, which will be that of Hollywood.

It is not only among the comparatively ignorant that there is uniformity in America. The same thing applies, though in a slightly less degree, to culture. I visited book shops in every part of the country and found everywhere the same best sellers prominently displayed. So far as I could judge, the cultured ladies of America buy every year about a dozen books, the same dozen everywhere. To an author this is a very satisfactory state of affairs, provided he is one of the dozen. But it certainly does mark a difference from Europe, where there are many books with small sales rather than a few with large sales.

It must not be supposed that the tendency towards uniformity is either wholly good or wholly bad. It has great advantages and also great disadvantages: its chief advantage is, of course, that it produces a population

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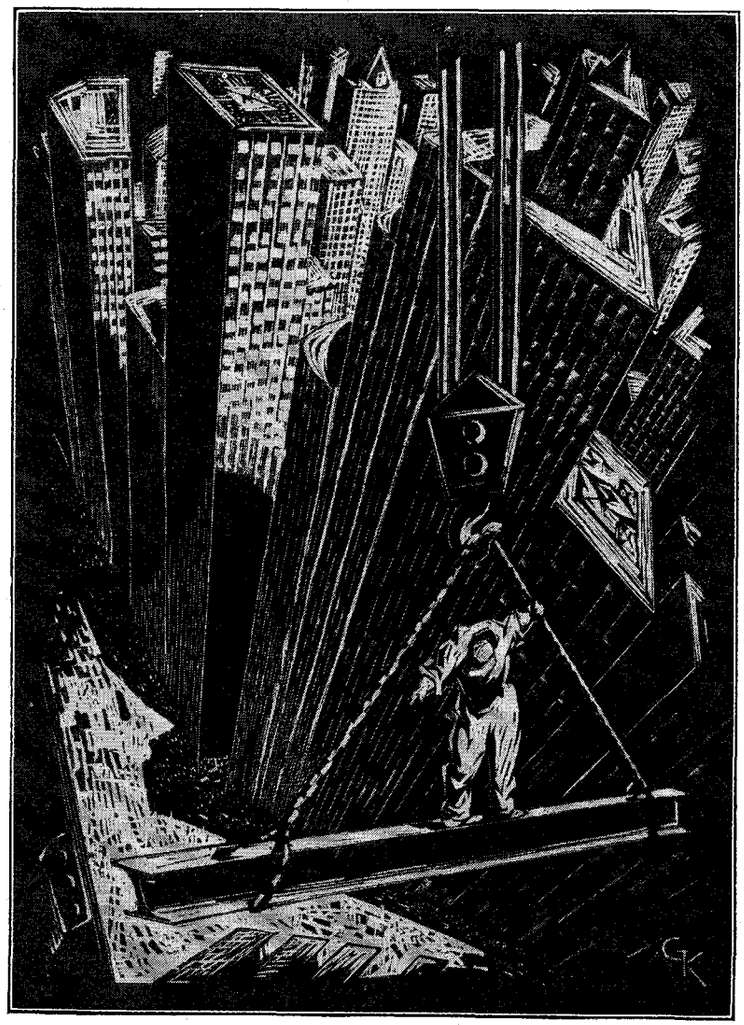
capable of peaceable co-operation; its great disadvantage is that it produces a population prone to persecution of minorities. This latter defect is probably temporary, since it may be assumed that before long there will be no minorities. A great deal depends, of course, on how the uniformity is achieved. Take, for example, what the schools do to southern Italians. Southern Italians have been distinguished throughout history for murder, graft, and aesthetic sensibility. The public schools effectively cure them of the last of these three, and to that extent assimilate them to the native American population; but in regard to the other two distinctive qualities, I gather that the success of the schools is less marked. This illustrates one of the dangers of uniformity as an aim: good qualities are easier to destroy than bad ones, and therefore uniformity is most easily achieved by lowering all standards.

It is, of course, clear that a country with a large foreign population must endeavor, through its schools, to assimilate the children of immigrants, and therefore a certain degree of Americanization is inevitable. It is, however, unfortunate that such a large part of this process should be effected by means of a somewhat blatant nationalism. America is already the strongest country in the world, and its preponderance is continually increasing. This fact naturally inspires fear in Europe, and the fear is increased by everything suggesting militant nationalism. It may be the destiny of America to teach political good sense to Europe, but I am afraid that the pupil is sure to prove refractory.

With the tendency towards uniformity in America there goes, as it seems to me, a mistaken conception of democracy. It seems to be generally held in the United States that democracy requires all men to be alike, and that, if a man is in any way different from another, he is "setting himself up" as superior to that other. France is quite as democratic as America, and yet this idea does not exist in France. The doctor, the lawyer, the priest, the public official are all different types in France; each profession has its own traditions and its own standards, although it does not set up to be superior to other professions. In America all professional men are assimilated in type to the business man. It is as though one should decree that an orchestra should consist only of violins.



NEW YORK CITY
Wood engraving by Gan Kolski

There does not seem to be an adequate understanding of the fact that society should be a pattern or an organism, in which different organs play different parts. Imagine the eye and the ear quarrelling as to whether it is better to see or to hear, and deciding that each would do neither since neither could do both. This, it seems to me, would be democracy as understood in America. There is a strange envy of any kind of excellence which cannot be universal, except, of course, in the sphere of athletics and sport, where aristocracy is enthusiastically acclaimed. It seems that the average American is more capable of humility in regard to his muscles than in regard to his brains; perhaps this is because his admiration for muscle is more profound and genuine. The flood of popular scientific books in America is inspired partly, though, of course, not wholly, by the unwillingness to admit that there is anything in science which only experts can understand. The idea that a special training may be necessary to understand, say, the theory of relativity, causes a sort of irritation, although nobody is irritated by the fact that a special training is necessary in order to be a first-rate football player.

Achieved eminence is perhaps more admired in America than in any other country, and yet the road to certain kinds of eminence is made very difficult for the young, because people are intolerant of any eccentricity or anything that could be called "setting one's self up" provided the person concerned is not already labeled "eminent." Consequently many of the finished types that are most admired are difficult to produce at home and have to be imported from Europe. This fact is bound up with standardization and uniformity. Exceptional merit, especially in artistic directions, is bound to meet with great obstacles in youth so long as everybody is expected to conform outwardly to a pattern set by the successful executive.

Standardization, though it may have

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On the Chicago Front

By LLOYD LEWIS

It is more dangerous for the individual along the Chicago front, says the author. Bootlegging and racketeering are not so profitable as of yore, although the killings continue, and the gangsters are turning to hold-ups and robbery. Mr. Lewis is co-author with Henry Justin Smith of "Chicago: The History of Its Population." In a subsequent issue he will deal with the city's curious financial condition

ON THE SURFACE, even though the killings go on, Chicago's so-called criminal front is quieter than at any other time in the past six years. In reality it is only changing from one medieval phase to another. The bootleg gangsters have, for the time being at least, dropped their rôles of armed mercenaries and have turned to looting the citizenry which they affably served with liquor in brighter days.

This change has come about slowly in the year that has elapsed since the "Massacre of St. Valentine's Day" focused world-attention upon Chicago's seemingly congenital reputation for violence. Between 1923 and 1929 the gunman-gangs, acting as hireling soldiers for the powerful bootleggers, ranged the city and the highways clear to Detroit, corrupting officials and battling rival bands. In character they were strangely like those mercenaries whom the medieval barons employed to protect property and to wreck enemies. Like those professional fighters the gangsters enjoyed, in their hey-day, the good-will of the burghers of the cities which they served. Where the mercenaries of the Dark Ages, among other duties, freed the local citizenry from the unwelcome decrees of distant kings, the Chicago gangsters pleased the rank and file of Chicagoans by supplying them the alcoholic drinks which the Federal government had declared contraband. So long as the gunmen served the public appetite and saved their killings for each other, Chicago seemed willing that they should go their dark ways undisturbed. The average citizen indifferent to the Prohibitionists' charge that strong drink was immoral, was apt to say to himself: "Well, those bootleg gangs have to do something to protect their property. The law won't help them, certainly. If they kill the hijackers who waylay their shipments, and if they bump off their rivals, it's only human nature. They never hurt any innocent person."

It will be recalled, however, that the armored mercenaries of another day usually turned, sooner or later, to the sack of the burghers whom they had originally served. Something like that has been developing in Chicago. Of late the gunmen have proved franker and franker about abandoning their characteristic friendliness to the layman; now they are looting former customers at the points of guns.

This new chapter in Chicago's experience with Prohibition began with the advent of John A. Swanson as State's Attorney—a "reform" State's Attorney. Assuming office in January, 1929, Swanson summoned to his aid an imposing corps of respected and capable prosecuting attorneys. He was pledged to break up the "criminal alliance between gangsters and politicians", and for a time indictments showered down upon the courts. Although it is true that convictions were strikingly few in this campaign, the effect upon the gangs was one of creeping paralysis. Organized gambling which had been controlled by the head men of the bootleg syndicate, was crippled, and remains so today. The liquor salesmen lay low, although trusted patrons were still supplied.

Al Capone, that renowned Emperor of Bootleggers, retired to bask in the Winter sun of Florida. George "Bugs" Moran, that rival with whom Capone had divided the city's alcoholic market on a zoning basis, suffered a serious blow on February 14, 1929, when unidentified enemies surprised seven of his best men in their garage-headquarters and slaughtered them with machine guns. Joe Saltis, a beer baron only slightly less influential than Capone or Moran, withdrew from the city, smilingly assuring newspapermen that he was "out of the racket." The signs of disorganization grew still more evident when Al Capone, a little later, was enigmatically arrested in Philadelphia and sent to prison on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. None of his lieutenants could keep liquor sales up to former volume. Moran reformed his lines but has never brought them to their old strength.

By mid-summer it was apparent that the gangs had lost their control of the whisky market. Strange bootleggers appeared offering the chief article in trade — Bourbon whisky—at prices that none had dared to quote in the days when Capone and Moran, between them, had fixed retail figures for the city. Their price for Bourbon had fluctuated narrowly around $115 a case for years. Now the sum was lowered steadily as independent bootleggers—"the little fellows"—freed from the necessity of paying tribute to the syndicate, slashed prices right and left. This economy, however, was a bad one, for as the price was cut so was the quality. Without "the big fellows" to smooth transportation routes, buy off police and wayside officials through "key men" higher up, the cost of bringing liquor into Chicago from Canada grew prohibitive for the independent bootleggers. "The law" began to raise its head and to take heavy toll of these free-lance liquor-venders as they drove through Michigan and Indiana on their way to Chicago. "The pay-off on a pinch" rose to five dollars a case in such sections and still runs at about that figure, although comparatively little whisky is brought in, at the present time, from Detroit.

When, under gang-rule, liquor had come in fairly orderly fashion from Canada by train, truck and ship, "pinches" were infrequent and the total bribery cost not over two dollars a case on the average, if common talk be correct. Now, for an independent operator to pay five dollars a case, once, twice, perhaps three times along the road meant ruin. So, today, proportionately very little of Chicago's liquor supply comes by this route. Whisky, since the middle of 1929 has, in constantly increasing lots, been manufactured in Chicago itself, in stills scattered through many cellars. Pullman porters, or colored brethren posing as such, vend what they insist is the "real Canadian stuff," but their trade is unreliable and suspicious. Altogether so many factors have combined against the bootleggers that the price of Bourbon has sunk from $115 a case to $70 or $80, depending upon the customer's faith. The beer trade, which Capone's

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lieutenants control in so far as it is controlled at all, still goes on, but at times the pressure of law becomes so heavy that the syndicate's trucks carry innocent "near-beer" to the saloons and "speak-easies" in place of the more desirable product.

To cap the climax of bootlegging misfortune, the stock market catastrophe of November, 1929, robbed the gangsters of their best customers. Brokers, salesmen, hand-shaking businessmen who had kept stocks of high-priced liquor for their clients, grew conservative under financial losses, and pared their entertainment budgets. The Gold Coast, the fashionable quarter where vast numbers of expensive bottles had been demanded for the butler's pantry, seemed to lose most of its appetite, according to the bootleggers. All through the year the income tax problem bedeviled gangsters too. Federal agents nosed into their returns and at times sold their real estate to satisfy undeclared debts to the government.

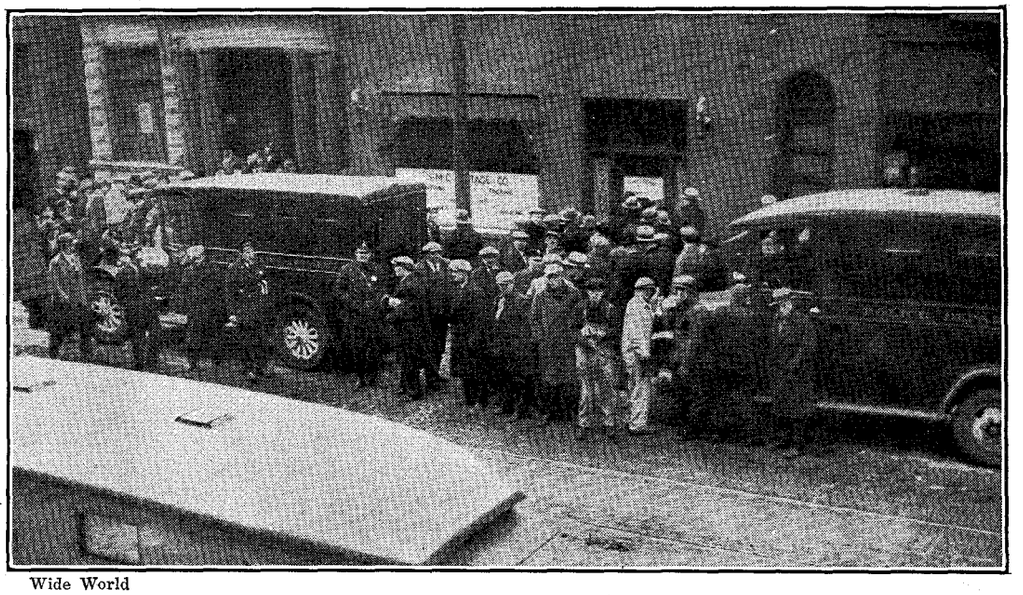
Thus the State and Federal governments, the stock-market crash and the confusion or disappearance of their leaders all combined to throw armies of gunmen out of employment. And as the bootleg business waned, so did racketeering, that side-line of the liquor gangs by which they had sought and obtained control of many legitimate enterprises. Racketeering had developed some years before when bootleggers, discovering how easily saloon-keepers could be coerced into buying their alcoholic supplies from one powerful wholesaler, extended the bullying principle into at least a score of other fields. Their method was to put ominous looking representatives into the executive posts of various commercial associations of retailers, such as laundrymen, cleaners-and-dyers, bakers, garage owners, etc. "Muscling in," the art was called, and the trick was turned either by cleverness or by brute force as occasion might demand. In certain businesses where no co-operative bodies existed, the racketeers enjoyed forming such associations and compelling prospective members to join. Once in command of an organization, the usurpers found many means of obtaining fat "rake-offs." The dues of members could be raised again and again. Fat commissions could be demanded from factories which supplied association members with products. If store-keepers in the "mutual-benefit" association rebelled, or if outsiders refused to join, a few black-powder bombs, carefully placed, whipped the insurrectos into line. For a time at least, it was currently believed by newspaper observers that the gangsters' profits from racketeering rivaled their income from bootlegging, so well were the armies of coercion fortified and so secure from prosecution.

Attacks were made on racketeering by the Chicago Chamber of Commerce and by special prosecutors, but the forces that hurt the practice most were those that scotched the bootleg trade. The victims themselves—those long-cowed little shop-keepers—began to revolt during the latter half of 1929. Here and there a braver soul would begin arguing that, if they all rebelled, the racketeers couldn't possibly bomb everybody. Why not throw the parasites out? Men began to regain reason, asking each other if anybody had ever heard of a case of personal injury in all the endless bombings that had shaken Chicago. Upon examination it was discovered that the terrible series of detonations had done nothing more serious than rip off porches, dismantle front or backs of shops and dwellings and, now and then, bounce a householder out of bed in his nightshirt. This was bad enough in a modern metropolis yet its truth came as a reassuring realization to the harassed merchant. He began to believe that his life was not in danger.

So long as the racketeers had been fairly reasonable about their assessments it had been cheaper for a victim to pay, let us say, $100 a year in dues than to run the risk of losing a back stoop and several nights' sleep. When, however, the dues were raised to $200 or $250 a year, the shop-keeper revolted. His back porch could be mended for less than that.

The public, too, came to help the little businessman regain his senses. For instance, when the cleaners and dyers doubled the price of their work under racketeer promptings, the housewives of Chicago began, in very considerable numbers, to mail their soiled garments to cheaper cleaners in neighboring cities. Even with mailing charges added, the cost was less than at home. Soon the local industry wilted, and today, its charges are as low or lower than those in force before the racketeers entered the industry. The gangsters have taken their loot and gone off to other fields. No legitimate business, at the present day, is freer of intimidators than at any time in six years; so say the police, the criminal lawyers, the gangsters themselves. Where the usurpers still hold on, their arrogance is much abated. Even some of those labor unions which were notoriously supine before the determination of gunmen to "muscle in" upon their treasuries, have shown a disposition to clean house.

Unfortunately the break-up of the



Wide World

HEADQUARTERS OF "BUGS" MORAN
Garage where seven men were slaughtered with machine guns

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gangs has not meant their disappearance from Chicago. Many of Capone's men are in Florida running liquor for the wealthy tourists, or acting as bodyguards for bookmakers, gamblers, racehorse stables, but the rank and file of the "mobs" that fattened on Chicago are still around town. Syndicated robbery, house-breaking and the waylaying of moneyed persons have developed as the means by which the gangsters seek to keep up their standard of living.

Under the gang-barons in happier days, the gunmen had boasted spats and canes; they rode in Lincoln cars, feasted and wore tuxedoes to their front-row seats in theatres on opening nights. To preserve this scale of living before their women, has been a task indeed since business declined. Having broken up, more or less, into smaller gangs, they seek to carry out on a minor scale the tricks of organization that were so successful in other times.

A gang centers, let us say, in an apartment on Chicago's North side, adjacent to the cafés, the night clubs, the big hotels. From this headquarters a spotter is sent forth to locate wealthy victims. He dresses well, conducts himself fashionably and enters a night-club with a girl on his arm. She is technically known as "the shade-off" since her presence proclaims her escort as merely an innocent young swain out for an evening of diversion. Two men sitting by themselves in a cabaret might attract suspicion, but a boy and a girl together are apparently harmless. From his station the young gangster looks among the patrons for a person of wealth. His eye hunts the liberal spender or the be-jeweled woman. Often, it is said, café waiters work on commission with the gangster, directing him to those guests whom it will pay to rob. When the spotter has located his prey he telephones headquarters and by the time the victim is ready to depart for home a limousine loaded with gunmen is at the café door to trail him. On a suitable stretch of street the gangsters nose their car in front of the fat burgher's and bring it to a halt—"curbing" the trick is called—and with drawn guns, fleece him.

Private homes have been invaded during bridge parties or dinner parties when fashionable guests are assembled, and jewels and purses calmly collected. In all this systematic looting of wealthy persons, as well as in the unusual number of hotel, pay-roll, cashier hold-ups, there has been apparent the fine hand of the syndicate, so say the police. The ragged and desperate yegg who breaks into middle-class homes in the hope of finding five dollars is as scarce in Chicago as elsewhere in America. Chicago's robbers are after bigger game and their deportment is, as a rule, admirably professional, calm, practical and as free from violence as the circumstances will permit. When a robbery is bungled, as when a chain-store manager is shot, or as when a young man attempted to extort money from Julius Rosenwald's servants on the baseless charge that the philanthropist owed him payment for liquor deliveries, when awkward maneuverings of this sort are discovered, the criminal is usually found to be working on his own initiative.

The gangsters keep clever lawyers ready with writs and alibis in case they are arrested. Their high-powered automobiles make escape easy, and the Cook County privileges of easy bail and many court continuances give them, if caught, plenty of time to exhaust or terrorize witnesses. Immunity, however, is not so general as when the gangs had larger slush funds; also, policemen are far readier to kill a robber than a bootlegger. More and more the gangsters are preying upon each other. In days of bootlegging affluence they killed each other as representatives of this or that "mob." It was war over rich stakes. Now it is petty thieving, one man from another. Gangsters kidnap each other, kidnap resort owners, underworld characters, rich gamblers,—a lucrative sport which has increased of late, according to informed persons.

Acme

Detective division of Chicago police getting instructions on handling a machine gun

One form of intimidation, recently disclosed, reflected credit upon the gangsters' humor. Taking advantage of Chicago's evil reputation, they exacted tribute from a number of New York actors who were appearing in local theatres. Calling the visiting Thespians on the telephone, the gunmen solicited subscriptions to various nonexistant charities, and if the actors demurred it was suggested that they might be "taken for a ride"—a threat that was producing generous results until the newspapers exposed the affair. Although none of the actors were ever harmed, it is common gossip that several of the higher-salaried Broadway stars refuse, nowadays, to enter Chicago at all.

So far in this new phase of Chicago's criminal history, the average householder has been as secure from footpads or burglars as if he lived in Philadelphia, New York or Los Angeles. Plodding homeward at night along streets piled high with snowdrifts which the city cannot afford to clear, he can console himself with the thought that he is, as yet, a fish too small for the gangsters to fry. He can hope that the rich citizens of the city are both numerous enough and rich enough to keep the gunmen occupied until Al Capone can get out of jail and hurry home to put the gangsters back to their less annoying task of bringing liquor—better liquor—into town.

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Our Teachers

Managers of Our Biggest Business

By EDGAR W. KNIGHT

The superintendents of our public schools are in convention assembled this week. The author reminds us that they are the executive managers of the country's biggest business. Look them over with Mr. Knight, who teaches in the School of Education at the University of North Carolina

THE CRITICS charge that the public school managers of this country are among its most dangerous enemies. Not only are they hopelessly uncertain of what they are trying to do but in trying to do it they are haughty and at times even tyrannical. As tax spenders they are plumb reckless if not downright crafty. They squander public funds with an abandon never before known. Moreover, the school system which these overlords rule makes for mob snobbery. Through popular education the unwashed multitudes are provided with only enough literacy to make their mediocrity and vulgarity articulate and offensive to the cultured minority who have so long claimed education as their peculiar monopoly. America is in danger of strangulation of taxation for schools which threaten to vulgarize Americans.

Whether they are misinformed persons of good intentions or informed persons of bad motives, the critics should turn their eyes to Atlantic City the last week in February when that popular resort will welcome to its convention halls and board walk the annual meeting of the largest and probably the most influential body of educational workers the world has ever known. Few of them have ever taken or ever could take first prizes as bathing beauties or glorious Apollos, although some of them are not lacking in showmanship. But *en masse* they are an impressive body. Most of them appear to be tireless in industry and intelligent in leadership, some are almost apostolic in fervor, and many of them seem to be marked by a quiet willingness to be forgotten. The practical man of affairs who believes that he is the Atlas on whose shoulders lie the world's problems has a humorous contempt for school people. He sometimes calls them dreamers and visionary zealots and attacks them as unfit for manly matters. But perhaps the practical man of affairs is unaware that the public school leaders have under their direction more than a fourth of the entire population of the United States, the management of public property valued at seven billions, and the major part of the responsibility for the annual expenditure of nearly three billions of public funds. The public school superintendents of the United States are the executive officers of the country's biggest business.

In outward appearances they do not differ markedly from the members of other national organizations which hold annual conventions, whether they are religious or secular, learned or unlearned, bond or free, ecclesiastical or merely political in character. Few of the delegates have the lean and hungry look of Cassius, but on the contrary seem to sleep well o'nights, although they and perhaps a few others may believe that they are addicted to much thinking. All of them have more or less repute for skill in the control of a public budget, but many appear to have little information on private birth control. They laugh not inordinately—although they have seen many funny things in their day. They are cheerful of countenance, their hearts made merry by the happiness of the millions of children who troop at their call.

Most of them are modish in haberdashery, as well as in pedagogy, and otherwise prosperous looking, if occasionally some do appear to lapse momentarily into pagan ways. A respectable majority smell delightfully of tobacco. They swap anecdotes and stories, carefully collected from the four corners of the profession and presently to be made current among the laity in the provinces by way of Rotary and the Lions; and in the exchange, the art of pedagogical exactness almost always runs high while that of suggestion may sometimes run low. They tip dining car waiters with liberality and éclat, as delegates to conventions of the Bottlers' Association or the Tax Dodgers' League, and are kind to the Pullman porter, usually yclept George.

A keen observer can easily discover, even unaided by the show of watch charms and breastplates, that many of them pay homage to illustrious potentates and semi-annual dues to grand keepers of exchequers. In this respect the school workers are not unlike thirty millions of their fellow adults who have esoteric knowledge gained by membership in one or more of the several hundred mystic societies. But whether the school superintendent is tipping waiter or porter, responding to the plaintive petition of the page who chants the name of Dr. Smith throughout the lobby of the hotel, or ordering breakfast or cracked ice and White Rock or Canada Dry to Room 1620, please, or giving the countersign to a brother from some enchanted realm, his little deeds of kindness and words of love are generally done and said with the dignity of a gentleman, the care of a scholar, and the gentleness of a boy scout. Back in Kannapolis, Kansas, or Adrianople, Alabama, he may seem arrogant with teachers and the public, but at convention he does not forget his manners or whose superintendent he is.

In addition to the leading state, county, and city school officers, the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association is made up of prominent elementary school principals, secondary school principals, educational research workers, deans and counsellors of women, high school inspectors and supervisors, and many other kinds of practical school workers. And the educational theorists also abound. There are innumerable professors of education,—elementary, secondary, normal school, rural, vocational, and higher; of educational psychology, sociology, history, economics, philosophy, administration, research, tests and measurements, personnel; of schoolhouse planning and schoolroom management; and there are deans, directors, assistant deans, assistant directors, and other specialists, as well as a sprinkling of peripatetic professors of education-at-large.

Representatives of manufacturers of technical and educational materials attend with nearly three hundred separate displays of their wares which include the latest devices for sharpening pupils'

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pencils and the most fashionable methods for sharpening their wits. And the publishers are there, clad in urbane habiliments, possessed of presences, and equipped with liberal expense accounts. Few of these extra-curricular actors are ever shoddy in attire, careless in manner, or indecorous in conduct. These punctilious educationalists know their bookworms as the ass his master's crib. And more graceful and gracious spenders than this army of artists who guard children's interests in arithmetic and reading never attended a convention anywhere. Moreover, they speak the language of the craft, know all the new styles in pedagogy, many of which they have actually set, and have the low down on all the pedagogues. What they do not know about what goes on in this educational world is not worth putting in the books. As these various educational specialists exchange compliments and witicisms the babel of voices is almost as confusing inside the lobbies and lounges of the convention headquarters hotels, where so much American educational destiny is determined, as that which, the critics say, muddles the mind of the uninitiated in the world outside.

Even the slanguage of these schoolmen is kept up to date. They know how "to wham" the public and move the taxpayers to "put out" in the interest of our boys and girls. They generally know their public, from which cometh their help, and their audiences, from whom they know how to get a hand when needed. This is not to say that the workers in education are less sincere than those in other fields or that they are insincere at all. But "putting it over" or "putting it across" has become a favorite expression with public school administrators because it is in reality one of their most necessary chores. The public and even the critics who condemn them generally demand that their school managers, as their athletic coaches, get results. They must "click" or they will be "kissed off" and forced "to lam" or "scram" to a place of obscurity and therefore of doubtful usefulness in the educational bush league. Therefore, public school superintendents must be up early and doing. Those who are up earliest and appear to do most, generally have the most tricks and are in most demand. They are the "biggies," sneer their ill-wishers; but they know how to get and stay on the "up and up," you bet. If they appear to sit with dignity right under the eaves of the absolute with one educational hemisphere on one shoulder and the other on the other, and to indulge the conceit that they are searching for the ultimate, it should be kept in mind that the nature of their occupation makes them so.

The layman and the critic may believe that a big public school manager who is really modest is as rare as a really humble bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, but both the layman and the critic may be mistaken. Whatever the critics may say, however, the people who manage the public schools of this country are as a class generally quite able and resourceful. They are energetic and effective. The educational yes and no men allow no grass to grow under their feet. "Onward and upward" is their motto. They miss few tricks. They keep in the public eye while they keep their eyes peeled on the public. If it asks them, they tell the world; sometimes, perhaps, they may tell the old planet and its whole race of crafty politicians and shrivelled-souled Scrooges without being asked to do so. Of course they are in favor of cooperation and often invoke it as the solution of all problems in American education. On the belief that there is safety in a multitude of counsellors they have established themselves into a national organization and at its annual conventions the proper relations between them and their teachers or the public is a favorite theme. Nevertheless, if teachers or public are left in doubt as to who is boss of the works the number of people in his community who look upon the superintendent as a person of abundant consequences will probably decrease.

One of his jobs, therefore, is to increase the number of those who look at him as portentous, even though he may know for a certainty that some of them may be seeing through glasses darkly. He may seem to be brutal in aggressiveness and the master of those who blow. But he should be applauded and not condemned. For without pushful school administrators democratic Gilead could not have been blessed with the balm of universal education.

Chiefly through these bold and active community hired men and women the doctrine of universal education has been made to spread among the masses of Americans for whom it has held and continues to hold so much hope. With most of the superintendents the proper management of the public schools is a dedication. Those who doubt this should sit in some of the conferences or view them at their work. Their faith and courage and their indefatigable energy have been the principal sources from which the democratic theories of public education have sprung into principles and passed into practices to become convictions with most of the American people. And, however much some of the public servants are believed to strut at home or in convention, most of them profess in their work a simple creed. They believe that the real values in this world are human values; that real gains in civilization are made only through the improvement of mankind; that a nation moves forward only on the feet of its children; and that the influence of great teachers outlives that of any king, politician, or military leader of their age. Who are we to say that the conquest of a continent can be made by a worthier faith than this, no matter what the cost may be?

In their effort to leave public education in their community better than they found it many of these men and women have been forced sometimes to fight the devil with fire or to ride with the Old Man when he happens to be going in their direction. But prohibitions against this means of educational combat or travel, when either seems necessary, are not to be found in common, constitutional, or statutory law, or in the report of the Committee on Ethics in the Profession, or in the smartest pedagogical treatises, or in the niftiest manuals on school management, or in the Pentateuch, or the Synoptic Gospels, or the Book of Common Prayer. Even the institutions which now specialize in preparation of school superintendents to lead and not to follow the profession, are giving increased attention to instruction and training in the mastery of the ancient art and science of resisting the world and the flesh and of outwitting the devil, when that ingenious triad threatens to obstruct the way of safety for the child. And in their annual meetings these school managers take sweet counsel together to determine the rules of warfare in the oldest conflict known to the race.

But it is not intended to give the impression here that all public school superintendents always play by the rules or otherwise represent the best spirit of the profession, nor to deny that a great deal of our public education of all

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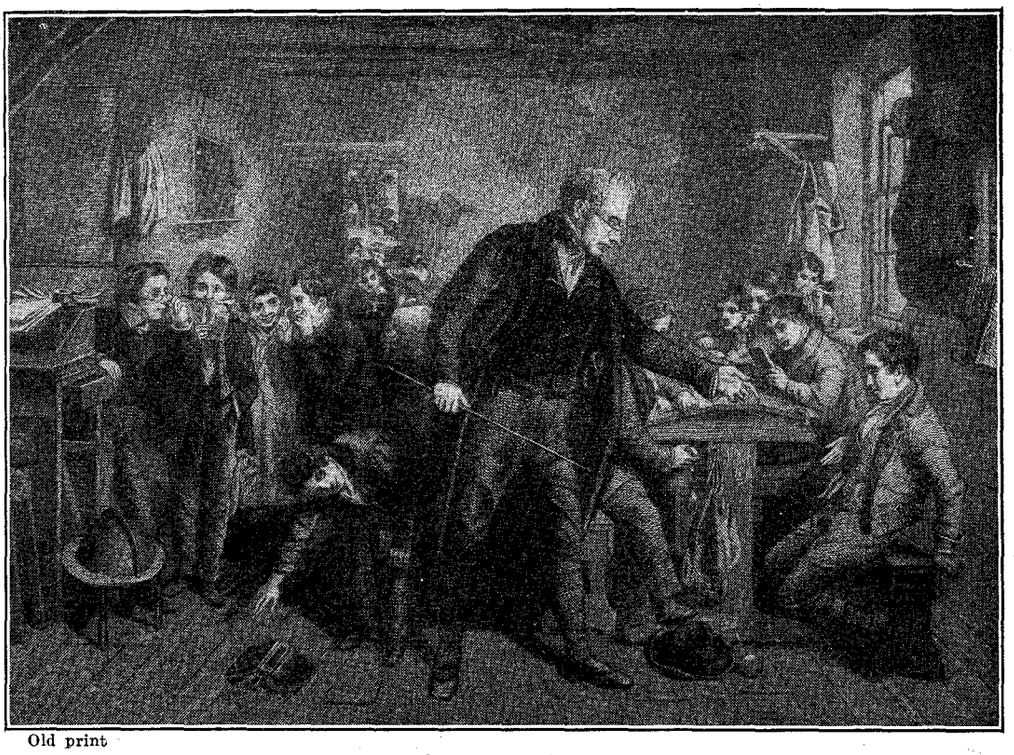

Old print

Schoolmaster, old style

grades and degrees is still homespun. Education, as the other arts, whether black or fine, or the other sciences, whether exact, pseudo, or experimental, has its share of amateurs, dilettantes, medicine men, quacks, charlatans, sophists, mountebanks, shysters, buffoons, fatheads, and just plain mediocrities of the backslaping, handshaking, hello Pete variety, as well as those who are sadly lacking in intestinal fortitude. Few actors have larger repertories than some of those who strut upon the educational stage. Far too many of them have large chances of impressing the public and of holding for periods entirely too long apparently strong positions as cultural leaders in many communities. In too many places a superintendent who can boast of an alma mater whose reputation is not positively unsavory can hold his place as a public pensioner if he is carefully sheltered by membership in the proper political party, the leading luncheon club, and the men's class in the most forward-looking church; if he manages not to mar every good story in the telling; and if he points at the proper places in his public addresses to a few examples of underprivileged children that have come directly under his observation.

Not all superintendents of schools have yet put away childish things or low personal ambitions. Many seem at times to have their eyes on the main chance and to thirst for praise. Some may occasionally urge bigger school programs for their cities merely to compete with rival cities or to flatter local pride. But with an increase in the tendency of the public to want an end of uncertainties in educational administration and to prefer superintendents of schools who know much about their business and do it well and with dignity, there appears to be a decrease in those who know little and do even less. Most of the men and women to whom our school system is intrusted are prepared for intelligent educational management, and largely through the direction of such leaders has public education reached its present creditable height and depth and breadth, even though a great deal of it is still rude and too many of those who have charge of it vulgar. It is doubtful, however, if even the critics could stand unmoved in a national assembly of those who have really invested their lives in the public school and witness the intelligence, the faith, and the courage that go into their tasks.

This American federation of sanctified squanderers of public funds, known officially as the National Education Association, has increased in membership from 10,000 a decade ago to 200,000 now, representing nearly a million school teachers, principals, and superintendents who are teaching nearly twenty-nine million children and youth. During this decade achievements have been made in education in this country such as no people in the history of the world have equalled. The requirements for licenses for teachers have been increased from graduation from high school to the completion of two years of work in college or normal school. Teachers' colleges have increased from twenty-five to about one hundred. Enrollments have increased from 40,000 to more than a quarter of a million in summer schools, from 330,000 to 665,000 in colleges and universities, from 1,600,000 to about four million in high schools, and the elementary schools running over. Expenditures for public education have increased meantime from three-fourths of a billion annually to nearly three billions. The states with laws for teachers' retirement allowances have increased from five to twenty-two and those which have abolished the primitive hire-and-fire policy and substituted a plan of tenure for teachers have increased from five to fourteen. And the trails of most of these achievements run back to the organization and work of the educational leadership of this country, notwithstanding the claims by the Democratic Party and the Republican Party of credit for advances in education, as for increases in purchasers of automobiles, radio receiving sets, churns, and sewing machines.

The daily income of the average of all these million school men and women is now about $3.56 or $1300 a year,—not quite enough to purchase two fordor town sedans, f. o. b. Detroit, bumpers and spare tire extra—and in one-fourth of the states the average annual salary of all public-school teachers, principals, and superintendents in less than $900 and in three less than $700, against an annual income of $2010 for all persons gainfully occupied in the United States. This condition exists in the wealthiest nation the world has ever seen, and among a people who annually spend on tobacco, snuff, cosmetics, perfumes, face powder, chewing

(Please Turn to Page 318)

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The Trend of Events

Old Acquaintance

THE attempt to assassinate President Rubio gave amiable American editorial writers an opportunity to extract Idea No. 17 from the files and put it gently back into circulation. Idea No. 17 is, usually in so many words, that Mexico at last has broken with its tumultuous past, its tradition of violence and revolution, its habit of settling political questions with bullets rather than ballots, and, having crossed the threshold of a tranquil new era, will soon devote itself to the exploitation of its natural resources and take the place in the family of nations to which it is rightfully entitled.

Ordinarily Idea No. 17 makes its appearance just after a Mexican revolution has been put down, just after a would-be assassin, proves a poor marksman, or just after a live President is named to take the place of a dead one. Usually the newspaper containing it reaches Mexico in time to be read in freshly dug trenches, or to the sound of fusillades directed against the latest recipient of the highest office in the gift of the thrifty Mexican people. While it is a bit cruel to attack an old acquaintance, the fact is, Idea No. 17 is not very bright. If you think otherwise, look at the records, not at the records of defeated Presidential candidates, but at those of Obregon, Calles, Gil, and Rubio, the four strongest men Mexico has lately produced.

Huerta led his well-remembered rebellion during the Presidential term of Obregon who was later assassinated. The Gomez-Serrano uprising occurred under Obregon's successor, Calles. A revolt was crushed during the term of the provisional President who followed Calles, Portes Gil. As for Rubio, he was painfully wounded before he had been President three hours. Not superciliousness toward Latin-America, but mere history, compels the conclusion that, despite all contradictory words and efforts, there is scarcely a country in the world in which a government is less secure or a President in greater peril than in Mexico.

Where the West Begins

IN 1849, John Mullanphy, wealthy cotton speculator, gave $200,000 to the city of St. Louis "to constitute a fund to furnish relief to all poor emigrants and travelers coming to St. Louis on their way, bona fide, to settle in the West." Two years later, he died. The fund, which in those days of the gold rush had many uses, has almost ceased to function. Interest has piled it up to exceed $1,000,000. St. Louis, wishing to apply it to a national association for the aid of stranded travelers, but to confine it, as Mullanphy did, to the West, has asked a court to determine where the West begins.

Out where the handclasp's a little warmer? Not necessarily. Estimating from a Pullman window, you might say out where the lipstick and rouge on station platforms grow a little fainter. Where baggage is less expensive-looking but more thoroughly used. Where travelers relax and begin to talk to each other. Where speech is lower and less hurried. Where passengers read books instead of newspapers and magazines, and write letters home.

Underwood

ESCAPES DEATH
President Rubio of Mexico, shot and wounded two hours after inauguration

When you ask the porter for a pillow and stretch out in your seat, unembarrassed, for a nap—that's when the West begins. When your hat is hung up and not seen again for days. When you wake up in your berth and enjoy a leisurely breakfast in the diner, conscious of having plenty of time. When all meals become diverting occasions. When service becomes slower but kindlier. When the distinction of being a traveled person begins to sink in and you swap hotel names with the man who asks you to pass the sugar. When you pace station platforms eating ice-cream with wooden spoons from paper cartons, gossiping with the conductor, and watching new arrivals whose entire families have come through the gates to see them off. When you meet some one on the observation platform who knows some one you know.

But why wouldn't it be a good idea for the Mullanphy trust to devote some of its funds to buying tickets for homesick Easterners who yearn to be on their way, bona fide, to revisit the West?

Wagner and Beck

REPRESENTATIVE BECK'S address before the House proved to be an old-fashioned rouser, packed to the rafters with quotations. Yet it made several points. The 18th Amendment, Mr. Beck declared, enables Congress to do much but binds it to do nothing. Therefore Congress could repeal the Volstead act, "that monstrous compound of iniquity and folly," without challenging the Constitution. Mr. Beck must fight this out with other constitutional lawyers like himself. Unfortunately, it sounds too easy to be true. In any case, it has no pertinency during the life of the present Congress, which is overwhelmingly dry.

The recommendations of the Wickersham Commission, Mr. Beck held, would "deprive the American people of one of the most ancient rights of the English-speaking race, trial by jury." Here he agrees with Senator Wagner, whose notable speech on prohibition was made the day before. Senator Wagner opposed the Wickersham recommendation that minor violations of the dry laws be tried before United States Commissioners. This, he said, not only violates the Constitution but sets up an unheard-of category of crime which is both felony and misdemeanor. When a defendant convicted before a Commissioner demands trial by jury, it permits a District Attorney to change the nature of the offense and accuse the prisoner of a felony. Again, the Commissioner is not an official of sufficient responsibility to be given the power proposed. Finally, violations of the pro-

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hibition law are peculiarly offenses for jury trial.

Senator Wagner also described Mr. Hoover's gradual stroll toward bone-dry ground after promising in his acceptance speech "an organized, searching investigation" into the "grave abuses" of prohibition. Unanswerably, he declared that, if consistent, Mr. Hoover could find no objection to the Wagner resolution requesting the commission to report on the suitability of the prohibition laws and the advisability of amending them. Senator Wagner then withdrew his resolution, determinedly trusting in the good faith of the commission to carry out its terms without being asked to.

Mr. Beck also trusts in the commission's good faith. The Wickersham commissioners, he believes, have found prohibition wanting, and at some appropriate time they will "pass from the mere incidentals of the great controversy and discuss the very heart of the problem."

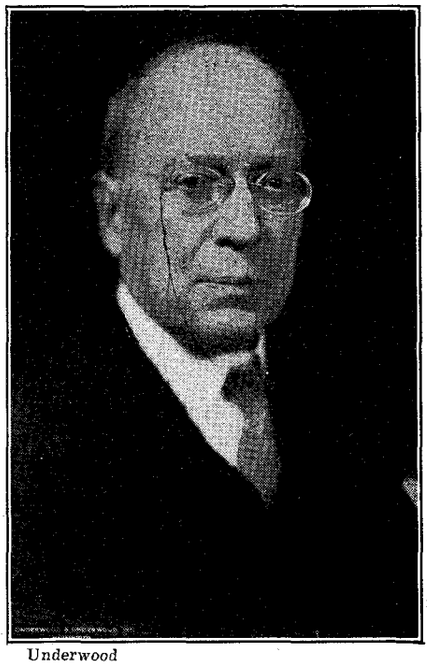
But will they? There is precious little to indicate that they will, much to indicate that they will not. Just now the Commission is absorbed with such "grave abuses" as divided responsibility for enforcement. In Mr. Beck's words, it is prescribing mustard plasters to cure a cancer.

▸▸*Parties Under Fire*

"A NEW LIBERALISM must be formulated," said Senator Wagner, "if the prohibition problem is to be solved." Not only a new liberalism, says Samuel Harden Church, president of Carnegie Institute, but a new Liberal party.

Representative Beck warned the Republican party that it "cannot longer afford to sell its soul to the fanatical drys." If it does, it may perish. The Democratic party, he declared, "can retain its hold upon its rank and file by the vis inertiae of invincible prejudices, but the Republican party cannot hold forever a large number of self-respecting men and women to whom the intolerance of prohibition is a moral affront." But Mr. Church, though he has campaigned for every Republican President from McKinley to Hoover, can see no more hope in the Republican party than in the Democratic. The Democratic party, he said, is "at this moment notable for its bigotry, hypocrisy, and intolerance;" the Republican party stands "upon shifting sands in the common atmosphere of hypocrisy and fanaticism." It is useless to look for reform from either. The one chance is to establish a new party dedicated to religious, political, and social liberty, while preserving those policies relating to the tariff, preparedness, business, labor, and peace on which the two old parties are in substantial agreement.

Inevitably this party would oppose prohibition, but "prohibition is not the only dragon that lies in our path." It would aim to extirpate those organizations which are holding liberty in bondage, those political groups of the churches which attempt to write their religious and moral tenets into law.



Underwood

WET ARTILLERYMAN

Representative James M. Beck bombards prohibition before the House

Hence, it would fight such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan, the Lord's Day Alliance, and the Anti-Saloon League.

Here Mr. Church unconsciously suggests a field in which his idea can be speedily and practically applied. There is no immediate opportunity to launch an important third party on this platform or any other; that will take time. Tradition and sentiment, not to speak of patronage, give the old parties stamina. But there is opportunity to work within both parties, to exert organized political pressure for tolerance as other organizations have exerted it for intolerance. Let Mr. Church form a Liberal League and tackle this program. It will be time enough to talk of a new party if the Liberal League catches on, as, incidentally, it may.

▸▸*Recording Angel*

SINCE 1868, the year of Grant's election, Theodore F. Shuey, official reporter of debates, has been listening to speeches in the United States Senate, taking them in shorthand, and getting paid for it. He has served as recording angel for some of this country's greatest statesmen and some of its worst. His memories make history.

Nowadays official reporters move about the chamber to record a speaker's remarks, instead of sitting at the table near the rostrum. Shuey figured in an incident that led to the change. A statesman from Massachusetts, instead of addressing the chair, answered a questioner by facing the rear of the chamber. Shuey protested that he could not hear. "Well, Shuey," said Ingalls of Kansas, who was presiding, "it doesn't make a damned bit of difference." It was Ingalls, Shuey recalls, who referred to a Delaware legislator as a "Senator from a State which has three counties at low tide and two at high tide."

His most exciting moment? Not one you'd guess. It was the day when, for a time, it seemed Congress would not place Grant, then ill and penniless, on the active list of army officers, with pay. "There was anxiety and excitement in the galleries, on the floor, and throughout the nation. But they kept setting the clock back to prolong the session, and they passed the bill."

The best orator? No doubt about it —George Graham Vest, dog-lover from Missouri. Ex-Senator Bruce of Maryland had "a most unusual vocabulary." Of present-day members, the easiest to record are Moses, Heflin, Johnson, and King. The latter two are, perhaps, the most fluent. (Mr. Shuey is careful to qualify his estimates lest he hurt any one's feelings.) Johnson's voice is the most musical—"to hear him say simply 'Mr. President' gives a thrill."

Among ancient heroes Roscoe Conkling appears to have been Mr. Shuey's favorite. Shuey did not know James G. Blaine well enough for comment. "Though he was a friend of Conkling, I never hitched up with Blaine much." He recalls Sumner, the Massachusetts abolitionist. "But he was one of these lordly men who felt he was above everybody else. They used to say that he didn't believe the Bible because he hadn't written it."

The recording angel notes a change in the Senate—"more attention to busi-

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ness and less to oratory." But, he adds, "when you get ninety-six men together, you can't get away from oratory."

Eighty-five years old, Mr. Shuey's memory for dates, middle initials, even minor events, is unfaltering. He looks sixty—broad and vigorous frame, piercing eyes, large and powerful head. The day after each session ends, he hurries to his home near Staunton, Virginia, polishes his gun and hunts until the gavel calls him back to the Capital. An avid reader, he leans, strangely enough, to works on politics and economics. He is, as Senator Hebert lately said, "an integral part of the Senate's proceedings"—more so, perhaps, than the Senate realizes.

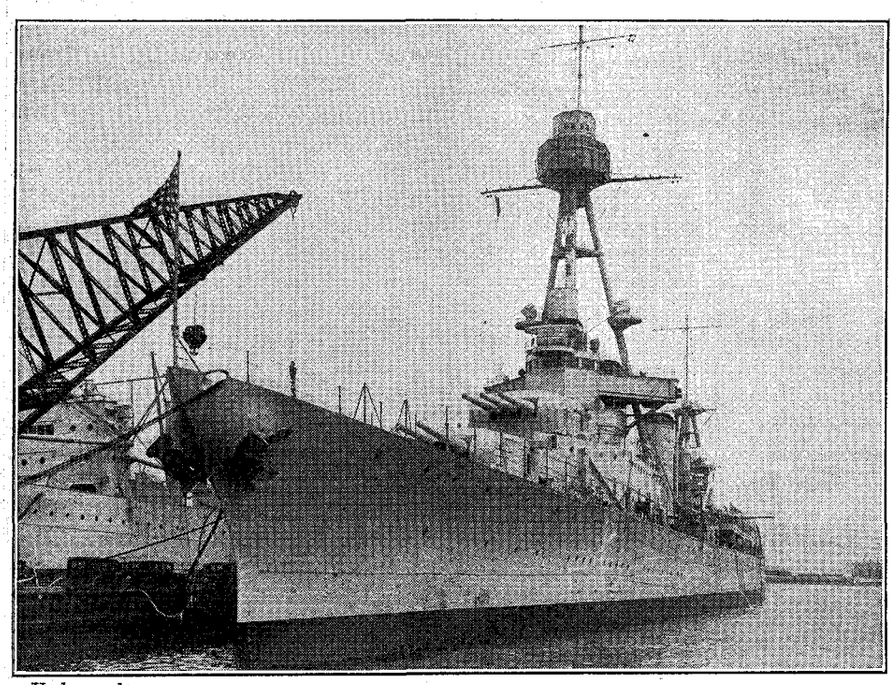
▶▶Brass Tacks at London

THE ARMS-LIMITATION plans submitted by Britain and the United States do not match point for point. The British plan is far more detailed. The American plan, however, indicates the extent to which the two nations are more or less in accord. Thus far actual reduction has been limited to battleships. The American plan proposes that Britain scrap five battleships and the United States three, so that in 1931 they may each have fifteen.

In the cruiser class, it is less a plan for reduction than for expansion. It fixes the British total at 339,000 tons and the American at 327,000, or about 27,000 tons more than our naval program ever had contemplated. To offset our inferiority in total tonnage, it gives us eighteen 10,000-tonners, as compared with fifteen for Britain. There has been some grumbling that we should have held out for twenty-one.

The provision that each nation may exactly duplicate the other's cruiser strength is unlikely to be used, since Britain is primarily interested in small cruisers, and the United States in large. The American plan sets no figures for destroyers, aircraft carriers, or submarines, though it suggests that submarines be prohibited from attacking merchant ships without providing for the safety of those aboard.

It would not be profitable to go further into details at this time, since the proposed figures may be frequently revised. Yet broader aspects of the conference demand attention. The first is that, after weeks of fiddling, it is getting down to brass tacks. Another is that the adoption of the American or a similar plan still seems to depend on France and Italy. The importance of the accord between Britain and the United States may therefore be easily exaggerated. They were in virtual accord before the conference started. Finally, if an agreement could be reached on the basis of the American plan it would be far below early expectations but nevertheless worth having. It would mean eventual, if not immediate, economy, since it would fix a level beyond which the powers would not build. It would likewise eliminate competition in naval forces, which, however, is not quite the same as eliminating all competition. Unless land and air forces were speedily limited also, opportunities to compete would still be plentiful.



Underwood

IN COMMISSION

Recently completed, 10,000-ton Pensacola. The United States asks for eighteen vessels of this type

▶▶Submarine Salvage

AS HAS OFTEN been said, whatever else the London Conference may do, it will not abolish undersea craft. Realizing this, the American Navy almost frantically experiments to make submarines safe for sailors. Various rescue devices are being tested on the tragic S-4 in the Gulf of Mexico. Men have been taken off the submerged vessel both by means of the so-called O'Rourke diving bell and by a Navy diving bell. Others have been rescued by a diving buoy sired by a private boat-constructing company.

Perhaps the most advanced contrivance for its purpose, the boat company's diving buoy might have rescued Lieutenant Fitch and the half dozen enlisted men who finally suffocated in the torpedo room of that same S-4 when it sank off Provincetown late in 1928. But with this, as with all submarine-salvage appliances, "ideal conditions" are necessary for successful operation.

Such inventions improve on the old method of salvage by pontoons—lifting the entire submarine—only because they broaden "ideal conditions." Pontoons, available in the East only at Brooklyn, had to be towed long distances. Invariably they arrived too late to save lives. The bells and buoys are cheaper and less unwieldy; they can also be made more readily available. There is, however, no device capable of rescuing sub-mariners who go down in more than 50 fathoms of water. Beyond 300 feet, our submarines begin to crack under the pressure. Even if a submarine sinks in shallow water, it must be located from the surface before rescue work can begin.

Our worst submarine disasters of peacetime have resulted from collisions, and, of course, a collision might sink the Leviathan. Submarines are more dangerous than surface ships only because of their relatively small buoyancy. It takes a thousand tons of water to sink a thousand-ton freighter. A thousand-ton submarine cannot stay on the surface with an added load of 200 tons.

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And nothing can save men who may be trapped in a flooded compartment.

Knowing these things, submarine officers have an air of sooner-or-later fatalism. Yet, fearful of public opinion, they do all they can to develop rescue appliances. As they well understand, there is a certain war-bred public antipathy to what they call "the only warship with a future." They do not forget that public opinion in large measure dictates how generously Congress will appropriate for the various arms of the service.

Underwood

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

▸▸*Taft*

"MAKE IT CHIEF JUSTICE," they say William Howard Taft replied when President Roosevelt predicted his accession to one of two high offices. "Make it President," said Mrs. Taft. Roosevelt made it President by supporting Taft for the Republican nomination in 1908. Harding made it Chief Justice by appointing Taft to that position in 1921. American schoolboys will therefore be studying Mr. Taft's record until modern history is mediaeval. Malicious pedagogues will put the catch question: "What two Americans have been both Chief Justice and President?"

No two. The fact that Mr. Taft is, and for some years may be, the only American to have held both offices was repeatedly stressed at the time of his retirement. Not that it needed particular emphasis. The country is familiar with his course—from Yale, to the Cincinnati Law School, to the bar, to the Ohio Superior Court, to the Solicitor Generalship, to a Federal Court, to the University of Cincinnati faculty, to the Philippines as first Civil Governor, to the Cabinet as Secretary of War under Roosevelt, to election as President, to defeat as Republican candidate in 1912, to a law professorship at Yale, to the Supreme Court. Surely few well-read Americans are unaware of these high spots. Surely even fewer are ignorant of Mr. Taft's personal characteristics.

Throughout his public career these personal qualities served him well, heightening appreciation of his definite, if definitely moderate, abilities, softening criticisms of his shortcomings. Warmly disliked in labor circles in the nineties, he soon, with his sincere geniality, dignity, and simple warm-heartedness, charmed memories of those controversial years into dim, unmoving recollections. The late George Harvey called him our "worst licked and best loved President" and the apt phrase endured. Under any other Chief Justice the recent illiberal, short-sighted trend of Supreme Court majority opinions would have aroused deeper fears and stronger protests. Many of Mr. Taft's friends, as well as his intellectual opponents—who were often personal friends also—prefer to forget that he had not the influence to alter this trend nor the inclination to oppose it.

▸▸*Hughes*

THE INFLUENCE of Mr. Taft's successor, Charles Evans Hughes, should be stronger. What his inclination will be as Chief Justice remains to be seen. The course of his early opinions will be anxiously awaited. It is idle to refer to Mr. Hughes as a conservative. Abuse of the word is extracting its meaning. In the sense of adherence to fundamental American traditions, there is no more conservative member of the Supreme Court than Justice Holmes, whose dissenting opinions are proverbial. Nearly eighty-nine—and may he live and rule forever—Mr. Holmes may not have expected appointment as Chief Justice, though age alone kept him from being the logical successor.

It was certain that the Hughes appointment would be popular with the public. It had seemed that this fact would overcome the strong opposition to it which has developed in the Senate. Even Senator Johnson of California, incarnate reason why Mr. Hughes has never been President, promptly declared that "Mr. Hughes will be confirmed."

Mr. Hughes's ability has never been plausible questioned. As for his experience, no American has a more exhaustive or intimate acquaintance with our domestic questions or international relations. He has been professor of law at Cornell, President of the American Bar Association, Governor of New York, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Republican candidate for President, Secretary of State, and Justice of the World Court. Since 1905, the year of his investigation into the insurance business in New York, his legal skill and learning have been household words. He is the principal Republican spokesman and campaigns mightily for his party, much to the confusion of independents who forget that in election years he is solely an advocate.

His public life has produced but two disappointments. He was defeated for the Presidency, and, a few years earlier, he saw Taft place another man in the center of the Supreme Bench. Small wonder, then, that he seems delighted with his present appointment. No one more keenly realizes the importance of his new position, which in peacetime ranks with the Presidency itself. Should he surprise his critics by exerting his influence against narrow tendencies in the court, aiding it to regain the course

Wide World

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

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which made it America's most respected institution, he will have fittingly crowned a distinguished career.

Falling Farm Prices

HAD CONGRESS BEEN able to repeal the law of supply and demand before enacting agricultural legislation, the Federal Farm Board would face an easier task. Eager to make the farmer prosperous, the Board announced in October that it considered $1.25 a bushel a fair price for wheat and about sixteen cents a pound a reasonable price for cotton. Since then, both products have dipped below these levels, at which the Board intimated it would lend money to producers through co-operatives.

With the Treasury to draw on, the Farmers' National Grain Corporation continued to buy "country-run" wheat at prices much higher than those listed on the market. Would a similar policy be pursued in cotton? Chairman Legge indiscreetly answered that the Board would do nothing "foolish." Immediately Senator Harris of Georgia charged that the Board had repudiated its implied promise to maintain the cotton price. This action, he declared, spelled a $50,000,000 loss to the planters.

When the initial attempt to fix prices ended in failure, it was necessary to try something else. Since wheat cannot be bought at more than it will bring without ultimately draining the Treasury, the Board appealed for reduction of the acreage to be planted this spring by at least ten per cent. The sensible request provoked only grumbling among the farmers, loath to reduce their prospective profits if the price is to be maintained artificially.

Falling prices for wheat, with no increase in demand, and slipping prices for cotton have demonstrated that farm relief remains strictly experimental. Not that it is bound to fail. Upward tendencies are noted in both wheat and cotton markets. The development of a huge co-operative cotton marketing association and the announcement that a firm of cotton brokers would take over existing contracts encouraged optimism. In the wheat market, interest centered on the plan evolved by the Wheat Growers' Advisory Committee of the Farm Board, to form a stabilization corporation specifically to buy wheat with Government funds and thereby speedily jack up prices.

But while such steps may be helpful, permanent improvement of the agricultural market may depend rather upon the farmers' response to appeals to curtail production. Significantly enough, many of the Board's difficulties arise from the problem of disposing of last year's crops at the beginning of a new crop season.

Short News Story

STOP US if you've read this one:

Louis Goldstein, considering his name "un-American" and "not euphonious," petitioned in City Court, Brooklyn, for permission to change it to Louis Golding. The court's decision runs:

"As for euphony, it can scarcely be alleged that the sound of the name 'Goldstein' is dissonant or discordant. On the contrary, it is simple and easy of pronunciation.

"If, by American, petitioner characterizes native-born citizens of the United States, the court ventures the opinion that there are in this country more native-born American citizens who bear the name of 'Goldstein' than those who answer to the cognomen of 'Golding.'

"Petitioner advances what seems to be an economic reason for the change of name when he states he contemplates going on the road commercially in the near future. Here, too, the request is unjustified. It cannot be said, and the petition does not assert, that the name 'Goldstein' is a handicap to success in the business world.

"On the contrary, this name is frequently found attached to many who have achieved eminent success in commerce and industry as well as in the professional world. The court believes that the request of this petitioner is a subterfuge for the purpose of covering his religious and racial identity. I know of nothing that one who is a Jew needs to be ashamed of as a Jew.

"I am opposed to granting a change of name on such flimsy reasons as advanced in this petition. Therefore the petition is denied, without prejudice."

The decision bears the signature of Justice Louis Goldstein.

Commissioner Crosby

A FEW WEEKS AGO President Hoover brusquely informed Senator Howell, Nebraska prohibitionist, that Washington was one of the cleanest and driest cities in the country. Thus it came as a surprise when he named Major General Herbert Crosby, Chief of Cavalry, as Commissioner of the District of Columbia in charge of police, fire, and traffic departments. Had the Nation's Capital turned Sodom over night? Or had Mr. Hoover found his earlier conclusion erroneous? Does he, through Crosby, contemplate a clean-up à la Smedley Butler?

Probably not. It appears, rather, that the President grew impatient, combing the highways for a district commissioner. Seven professional and business leaders already had turned the job down. Therefore he listened when George Akerson, confidential secretary, suggested Crosby. The Akersons and the Crosbys live in the same apartment house, and Mr. Akerson likes Mr. Crosby. Though the officer shied away from the offer, Mr. Hoover, it must be remembered, is Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Thus Mr. Akerson became the maker of a chief of police, and Mr. Hoover was able to turn to other unfinished business.

The Capital's voteless residents, however, resent the "army rule" flavor of Crosby's selection and the notoriety threatened thereby. They fear Washington may be listed with Chicago, or Coeur d'Alene in Senator Borah's Idaho, as a "wide open town." This would be particularly unfortunate when the Board of Trade is deep in plans for attracting factories and commercial houses to a bigger, better Washington.

Actually there is little indication that the Capital needs a military rule or will acquire one in Crosby. Its police force has had a few scandals, but it has not broken down or sold out to the bootleggers. At worst, it is as good as those in other cities. Possibly there have been a few unsolved deaths listed as suicides when evidence indicated murder, but the best of police forces must have occasional alibis. Moreover, Crosby, though a good disciplinarian, is no martinet but a genial and pleasant man, bearing no resemblance to Butler of the Marines or Byng of the British Army and London's bobbies. He will take office as a civilian, retiring from the army on March 21. He has no radical ideas on city government. Indeed, on this subject he has none at all. A civilian post will be a new and strange adventure for a man who has spent 37 of his 58 years in the army.

Fat 1928

JUST NOW, ALAS, Treasury statistics on income taxes for the year 1928 read like memoirs of our dead life. The figures

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for 1929, recording the Great Decline, will be less impressive. Yet whoever wonders—and who does not?—how many Americans have incomes like his own will find interest in this table, listing the approximate numbers of taxpayers in the several income classes of 1928.

Income Class	*No. of taxpayers*
$3,000—$5,000	3,000,000
$5,000—$10,000	550,000
$10,000—$25,000	250,000
$25,000—$50,000	67,000
$50,000—$100,000	26,000
$100,000—$500,000	14,000
$500,000—$1,000,000	1,000
$1,000,000—$5,000,000	500
$5,000,000 up	24

How much prosperity in 1928 was the product of the bull market the Treasury's analyses strikingly reveal. Roughly ten per cent of the total income represented profits on the sale of stocks, bonds and real estate held less than two years, chiefly "for the rise." Seven per cent more came from the sale of assets "put away and forgotten." Approximately one-third of the $1,800,000,000 income of those in the $50,000-$100,000 class was realized from the sale of capital assets. The total income from such sales in 1928 was $4,800,000,000, more than twice that derived from partnerships, one-fourth larger than that derived from business, almost one-third as large as that derived from wages and salaries. That profit-taking on such a scale took place during the bull market indicates that the capital-gain tax need not be repealed in order to induce holders of stock to sell. That tax didn't deter them in 1928.

A fat year for individuals, 1928 was also fat for corporations supplying necessities and luxuries. Gross income of corporations jumped ten billions to $113,000,000,000; net income from eight to nine and a half-billions; dividend checks totaled $4,400,000,000. What corporations do this year, contrasted with what they did in 1928, will show the extent of prosperity's decline. Doubtless they will feel the effect of the drop in stock market millionaires, but business also depends upon lower-bracket taxpayers whose incomes largely represent salaries. It likewise depends upon the millions and millions of Americans whose incomes are too small to be taxed and recorded.

▶▶*The Beauty Clinic*

JOKING ASIDE (for inevitably there will be material for humorists in the free beauty clinic soon to be established in a New York hospital), the idea of creating a division of plastic surgery in city clinics is an excellent one. In a social and economic order such as ours, which makes pleasing appearance a symbol of, if not a requirement for, success, means should be found for putting the expert remedying of physical disfigurements within the reach of every one.

Make no mistake about this beauty clinic. The public will not be invited to line up for facial massage, eyebrow-shaping, and manicure. The idea is simply to give persons of limited means, suffering from disfigurements acquired through heredity or by accident—such as hare-lip, cauliflower ear, "saddle nose," and the like—the benefit of skilled plastic surgery. At present, it has been pointed out, such persons frequently go through life handicapped. If they are able to pay for treatment, they are easy victims for quacks who, failing to remedy their defects, are likely to do them injury besides.

The plan is humane. It is thoroughly modern as well, serving as a neat illustration of the present-day attitude toward medical science. Our grandfathers knew of surgery only as an alternative to death; we begin to realize its possibilities for making life more livable. It would be interesting, also, to know how much the modern science of psychiatry, which has given a name and no little importance to the inferiority complex, has had to do with the New York beauty clinic. Social maladjustments resulting from the sense of inferiority are apt to be puzzling matters to deal with, but to recognize and set about remedying their more obvious causes surely marks a step forward.

▶▶◀◀

Remarkable Remarks

We have got to cut expenses.—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

Chicago is not broke, only temporarily embarrassed. — SILAS H. STRAWN.

Our country is now the light of the earth by virtue of its moral and economic supremacy, for which prohibition is largely responsible.—SENATOR MORRIS SHEPPARD.

We are prosperous because we ride in automobiles.—WALTER P. CHRYSLER.

I believe, as every rational man must believe, in the story of Adam an Eve and the fall from grace which has left the curse of God on all men.—REV. DR. WALTER DUNCAN BUCHANAN.

Diplomacy isn't too hard on the brain but it's hell on the feet.—AMBASSADOR CHARLES G. DAWES.

The only rudeness I saw abroad was in the House of Commons.—WILL ROGERS.

The Old Maid as a species is almost as extinct as the dodo.—DOROTHY DIX.

If she (woman) tries to avoid having children, then she is doomed to hell.—H. L. MENCKEN.

It is better to be mercenary than miserable.—PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE.

▶▶◀◀

▶▶*In Brief*

GREAT BRITAIN ANNOUNCES her willingness to abolish the battleship because of its costliness and vulnerability. Save your cheers for the day when Great Britain, or any other power, announces its willingness to abolish a fighting vessel which is both cheap and effective. . . . . "I have said before that this is not a one man country"—Calvin Coolidge. If no one pays any attention to it this time, Mr. Coolidge, the only thing to do is to carve it on that mountain. . . . As for that Englishman who has designed an automobile which he says will make 250 miles an hour, almost any American can, and almost every American will, tell him that in the long run it's better to hit about thirty miles an hour and then hold it, though for that matter his car will be under better control at forty. . . . Shunning a National Humiliation Day program to protest against the California race riots, Filipino laborers in Manila attended the race track instead. Here is proof enough that the Philippines are not ready for independence. Try to imagine American laborers preferring a sporting contest to a political meeting. . . . Before chuckling too violently at those women who have petitioned the London conference for actual reduction, it might be well to recall that the size of the cut to be made in armaments will depend exactly on the size of the demand for it. . . . Ian Hay denounces war books which depict soldiers as "living like pigs and dying like dogs." When every one knows that men in muddy trenches live like lords and die like kings.

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Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE FIND THE Progressives to be grievously disappointed at the selection of Charles Evans Hughes as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Though it seems to have made President Hoover solid with the great conservative interests long suspicious of his reported economic and political theories, the Progressives look upon it as conclusive proof that Mr. Hoover, no matter what else he may be, is not, and never has been, a liberal. A score of western Senators, including worshippers of Bryan, La Follette, Roosevelt and lesser lights among the latter-day Progressives, now concede that what they mistook for liberalism was no more than humanitarianism. The Hughes appointment, to our mind, has discouraged this wing of the Republican party more than any policy or appointment of such a stand-patter as Calvin Coolidge.

Even some of the President's friends counted on him to liberalize the institution which, through its interpretative rewriting of the law, now exercises a more powerful influence on our social, economic and political structure than Congress itself. When word of Mr. Taft's resignation got around, there was an almost unanimous belief that Associate Justice Harlan Stone of New York would be made Chief Justice, and that a liberal like Dean Roscoe Pound or Judge William Kenyon would be picked to replace Stone. In newspaper offices, on Capitol Hill and in the outer rooms of the Executive Offices this view prevailed to the last moment. The Stone appointment was taken for granted because it gave the President a chance to demonstrate what we thought was his real attitude in an effective and non-political manner.

We would like to know what explanation, if any, the President made to Mr. Stone. It must have been a rather embarrassing situation for the two distinguished friends, especially as Mr. Stone is a member of the Medicine Ball Cabinet. In fact, it was the husky and youthful jurist's too turbulent toss of the ball that recently gave the President a shiner. Since the President is supposed to have leaned heavily on the New Yorker for advice on several occasions, we had reason to suppose they shared the same economic, social and political views. There were, it is true, certain considerations inimical to Mr. Stone if any man but Mr. Hoover were President. We recalled that the jurist's original appointment to the court had been a "kick upstairs," delivered by Mr. Coolidge upon learning that Mr. Stone, as Attorney General, was about to investigate Secretary Mellon's Aluminum Company of America in a big way. We also remembered that so non-political was Mr. Stone as Attorney General that he almost named an active Farmer-Labor politician to a Manhattan vacancy on the federal bench. But these idiosyncrasies, we thought, would only commend him to Mr. Hoover, even though they irked the political boys.

Cowan in the Boston Evening Transcript

Made to order

We hear various reports concerning Mr. Hughes' selection. One which the circumstances of Mr. Taft's resignation seem to credit is that he conditioned his withdrawal at this particular time upon an assurance that the former Secretary of State would be named as his successor. We understand that Mr. Taft and several of his conservative colleagues on the bench have a horror of Justice Stone's economic philosophy as reflected in some of his recent dissenting opinions. There are those who believe the naming of Mr. Stone instead of Mr. Hughes might have precipitated other resignations. The "baby" of the court—he is only fifty-seven—has frequently joined with those more philosophic liberals, Justices Holmes and Brandeis, in some famous dissents affecting important interests. In the Baltimore Street Railway case, for instance, Justice Stone disagreed sharply from the majority opinion that 7.27 per cent return might be considered confiscatory under certain circumstances, and in the International Shoe case he held that facts which the majority pooh-poohed justified a verdict of violation of the Sherman Act.

We also hear that Mr. Hughes may serve only long enough to round out his career as Chief Justice. He will be eligible for retirement in four years, and should Mr. Hoover enjoy a second term, many venture that the President will then find himself more free to appoint a Stone, a Pound or a Kenyon. Meanwhile, we await more convincing evidence that the President has made a clearcut choice between Progressives and Conservatives. He will soon have another opportunity to give the court a more liberal cast, since Justices Holmes, Sutherland and Van Devanter may retire before he quits the White House, and there will then be no room for "ifs" and "buts."

Mr. Hughes' future activities, we venture, will possess an unique interest. Since he quit the State Department in 1925 "to earn money for his family," he has been an advocate in many matters still to come before the court—railroad valuations for rate-making purposes, street railway fare contracts, anti-trust laws, radio property rights and the meat packers' decree. He will, of course, follow precedent and not sit in these cases, and this prospect, we find, has led to the suggestion that the new Chief Justice can be little more than a decoration on the highest tribunal. That, however, is rather a sweeping statement. The court's ethical code requires a member to refrain from deliberation in specific cases in which he has had an interest, but it does not extend to other cases dealing with the same set of facts and law. We have no doubt that Mr. Hughes' influence will make itself felt, and deeply.

A. F. C.

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▶▶ En Route to Jail ◀◀

The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief

By JOHN COFFEY

In the preceding instalment the author told of his first serious thieving, his first arrest, and the intercession of his employer in his behalf. In the present instalment he writes of going to work for his employer's son in Lancaster, Pa. For a time he resisted temptation; but then a new girl appeared and he was lost. The next instalment will describe his first taste of prison life

YOUNG MR. MOORE—he asked me to call him Frank—said he was sure that he and I would get along very well together. He wanted me to feel completely at home and whenever I needed any money to let him know. He intended to forget all about the trouble I had got into and would trust me as though it had never happened. Sometimes, he said, he would be away and would have to leave me in charge at the office and at his home, too. He explained that he had just been married to an actress whose contract would keep her away until early summer, and that he would like to spend as much time with her as possible. He would be able to do so if I learned the business well enough to take care of it without help.

It would have two branches. The main part would be selling to agents a policy insuring against accident, which would pay $1,000 in case of death and which would cost the policy-holder one dollar a year. I asked how it was possible to charge so small a premium. He pointed out the clauses of the policy. They restricted the policy to covering forms of accident which, according to statistics, occurred least often, but which received greatest publicity when they happened, which made them most commonly and vividly present in the public imagination, and so most frequently and intensely feared. Injury or death from fire in a burning building, from collision while a passenger on a public conveyance were specified. Because of this the policy was easy to sell, while the chance of loss was limited to less than $40,000 on every million policies.

Frank explained that we would give agents commissions up to fifty per cent on the policies they sold, and then would pay his father's company twenty-five cents a policy for full reinsurance. That would give us a margin of twenty-five cents on each policy for expenses and profit. The main expenses would be postage on soliciting letters to agents, whose names we would find in a directory, and the cost of supplying them with descriptive circulars which would give photographs of the most recent wreck of a passenger train and of the latest big fire in which lives had been lost. Frank said that according to his father's figures the total expenses, if we sold five hundred or more policies a week, would be less than ten cents a policy. First, he said, we would try soliciting agents in cities throughout the country with a population between thirty thousand and one hundred thousand; but must avoid soliciting in a few states in which there were laws against our kind of policy. Another branch of our business would be selling the health, accident and burglary policies of his father's company. I could have the full commission of twenty per cent on any of these I might sell. He could pay me no salary besides my board until the business was paying expenses, but he would see that I had money for cigarettes. When the business increased to five hundred polices a week he'd pay me twelve dollars a week besides my board. He had opened charge accounts at a grocer's and a butcher's, and would introduce me so that I could get food when he was away. We'd do our own cooking until his wife came home. Then she'd cook for us—she and her daughter by a previous marriage, who lived with an aunt while her mother was away.

The second day after our arrival in Lancaster, Frank decided that I could handle everything and went to join his wife. Every day I was to write him what orders had come in and send him the checks, money orders and cash received. He didn't want his father to know that he was out of town, and I was to wire him immediately if Mr. Moore senior telephoned or wrote. Before going he gave me two dollars and told me to ask for more if I needed it before he got back.

Gratitude to Frank and his father, and hope of increasing the business quickly to five hundred policies a week, made me work hard. After working all day at the office, I brought the insurance agent's directory home each evening to check off names to which I should send circular letters. Each day I sent out seven or eight hundred letters. Orders came in, a larger number each day. Frank returned at the end of a week, greatly pleased with the results. The next day he left again, after giving me three dollars and repeating his instructions about not letting his father learn of his absence.

I continued working. The second week's orders nearly doubled those of the first. A few among the first to order had reordered. At the rate we were going we'd soon reach five hundred a week. Besides, I had seen several business men in Lancaster about taking a combination health and accident policy from Frank's father's company; a few of them had become interested and had told me to see them again.

Frank came back again and stayed a day. He praised me for the work I was doing, and hoped I hadn't been too lonesome. His wife, he said, wouldn't be away much longer; and when she got back the three of us and her daughter would have good times together. I said I didn't mind being alone for awhile; that the work interested me and I had fun doing it. I looked forward, secretly, with intense pleasure to the time when Frank's step-daughter would be living in the house. I had seen photographs of her which showed her to be very pretty, and had learned that she was my own age.

Before leaving the next day Frank spoke to a fellow about my age who worked in a real estate office next to ours, asking him to take me around and get me acquainted, so I'd have a chance for some fun. Harry, the other boy, promised he would. Then, after giving me three dollars, Frank left.

At closing time Harry said he had to go some place right after supper, but the next night would get me acquainted with the fellows he knew. There were two poolrooms in the town, but I hadn't been to either of them, preferring to work nights until the business was up to five hundred policies a week. I felt

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tempted to go to one and play, but decided against doing it. On the way home I saw two girls standing on the corner nearest the house. I passed, pretending not to notice them, but thought from the glimpse I had had when approaching them that one looked like the photographs I had seen of Frank's step-daughter. While opening the door after turning the key I looked back. Both of them were looking at me.

A few minutes after going inside I heard footsteps on the front porch. Then the bell rang. The two girls stood at the door. One said she was Frank's step-daughter. I invited them in. Wanting them to stay, but not knowing what to talk about, I asked them to help me get supper ready, and to stay and eat it with me. They consented after I had urged them repeatedly.

FRANK'S step-daughter, Florine, was the prettier of the two and the less shy. She and I did all the talking. We made plans for good times together after her mother came home. Before she left she promised to go to a show with me the following Friday night, and to a dance on Saturday. I walked home with her. The other girl left us on the way. Before parting we stood for over an hour beneath a large tree around the corner from her aunt's. When the moment came to say goodnight we kissed. I walked away. Then I ran, sang, shouted and danced. "I love you, I love you, I love you. You are the ideal of my dreams," I sang. I had to walk a long time before feeling tired enough to go home and to bed.

The next day I went to the theatre. The most expensive seats were one dollar. I bought two of them, which left me with less than a dollar. I'd have to buy candy, I thought; and also I'd need two or three dollars for Saturday night. I decided to play pool.

That evening, and the two following, I went with Harry, the fellow in the real estate office, to one of the poolrooms. I told him I could play well and asked him to point out fellows who would play for money. He pointed out several. He and I played a few games, my purpose being to play poorly so that the money players would think I'd be easy to beat. Harry quit after a few games and I played one of the money players. Without trying to do my best I won five dollars from him. The next two evenings I won seven dollars more.

On Friday evening I found Florine waiting in front of the theatre. I had bought the most expensive box of candy I could find, and gave it to her. Her big brown eyes shone with happiness when she undid the wrapping. She was happy, too, because we had such good seats. Throughout the play, except when the lights were on between acts we held hands. After the show we had ice cream and fancy cakes. Under the big tree near her aunt's we stayed a long time. To show we loved each other we exchanged the most valuable things we had, she giving me a ring while I gave her my stickpin.

The next night we danced, our cheeks touching, whispering and laughing. Before parting under the tree she promised to come in the morning and cook breakfast for me. I went to the only restaurant open in town and bought two tenderloin steaks, hoping to make our breakfast the most delicious either of us had ever eaten. As I walked home snow began falling. I hoped it wouldn't keep up and prevent her coming in the morning. Happiness turned and tossed me in bed until dawn.

The door-bell's ringing woke me. Through the window I saw the snow still falling. Could it be Florine, in spite of the snow? At the door, nearly knee deep in the snow, stood Florine, holding in her arms the Sunday papers she had rescued from the snow. "I came," she said.

We cooked breakfast and set the table. Besides our tenderloins we had toast with honey and coffee with cream. Sitting on separate seats was a hardship we couldn't avoid, but we placed our chairs as close together as possible. We ate every bite of food before us; drained the coffee pot. Then we sat in the easy chair in the living room, and read the papers. After an hour we felt it growing colder, so we went together to the cellar and renewed the fire in the furnace. We came upstairs; went from room to room, to the second floor, then to the third, to the bedroom which was Florine's when she was home, mine in her absence. She had a book here, *Three Weeks*, by Elinor Glyn. We sat on the bed, each with an arm behind the other, reading. The book dropped to the floor. We looked at each other shyly; closed our arms tightly around each other. "Florine, Florine!" "John, John!" Tears rolled down her cheeks. I clenched my fists, pulled my arms from around her and ran downstairs. I ran into the back yard, pressed two handfuls of snow against my cheeks. I shoved my arms elbow-deep into the snow, holding them there until my hands were freezing. I dried my hands in the kitchen and sat in the easy chair, until calmness returned to me. Then I went upstairs.

Florine's face was upon the pillow, covered with her hands. "Don't cry, darling!" I said. She turned her face up, and laughed. I put the covers over her, and then lay down beside her. She fell asleep, and soon I slept too. The late sun slanting in upon our eyes wakened us. She had to hurry home. We ran through the snow laughing. I carried her over several drifts. Under "our" tree she said she'd come again as soon as possible. I kissed her, turned and ran. On the way home I leapt into the deepest part of every drift in my path.

Frank came the next morning. "You're doing fine, keep it up," he told me, referring to the increase in the business during the past week. He decided to leave on an afternoon train. I hid how glad I was.

Florine was waiting at home when I came from the office. She couldn't stay long. Her aunt had scolded her for staying out too much. She'd come as often as possible, but if she couldn't I mustn't think she didn't love me. I had bought a box of candy for her and we sat in the easy chair eating it. She promised to try to come every evening, to go to the theatre Friday evening, and to dance Saturday. After taking her home I went to a poolroom, but found no one to gamble with.

THE NEXT morning I called on all the men who had seemed interested in taking out a policy in Frank's father's company. One of them said he'd decide at the end of the following week, either to take one from me or from another company. I couldn't get him to decide sooner. I worked at the office until late in the afternoon, went to the postoffice with the letters I had to mail, and then to one of the poolrooms. I played a traveling salesman; bet one dollar on the first game and won; but lost the second which we played for two dollars—all I had.

Florine didn't come. I went to bed and to sleep without being able to think how I could get money for the theatre and the dance. On waking I thought, "I must get it somehow."

A five dollar bill came with one of the orders in the mail. The more I thought about taking it, the more I felt I could

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easily win at pool and replace it. In the afternoon I bought two tickets at the theatre for Friday night, and with the three dollars remaining went to play pool. The only person I found who'd gamble was the salesman who had beaten me the day before. We played a game for two dollars which he won. I wanted to play another for the dollar I had left, but he said he didn't want to take my money; that he had come into town to try to play the champion of the place for a lot of money, and could beat me easily, even though I did play a very good game. He told me not to mention what he had told me, but to be sure to bet on him if the champion played him.

Florine came while I was eating supper and worrying about replacing the five dollars. I helped her take off her coat, held her in my arms and kissed her. She said I must finish eating. While eating, and trying to think of getting some one I could beat to play pool with me, I missed hearing something she said. I saw her get up and start out. "What's the matter, Florine?" I asked. I ran after her. She was weeping. I asked again what was the matter. "I'm going home—you're not glad to see me—after two days." She wept harder. I held her, kissed her, said I loved her; she kept on weeping. I tried to get her to take off her coat and stay. "No, I'm going home; you don't want to see me." I pleaded with her, but she insisted on going. I went with her. She wouldn't speak to me and left me at the tree without kissing me goodnight. I felt too depressed to go to a poolroom. Instead, I walked until I felt very tired.

No cash came in the morning. I worked all day. I went home and waited; Florine didn't come. I walked to her aunt's house; went by it a dozen times, but couldn't see her. "But she'll surely come to the theatre tomorrow," I told myself, and so felt happier.

Cash came with several orders the next morning. I took four dollars and paid $1.50 of it for a box of candy. I worked until the afternoon and then went to the poolroom. Everyone was watching the champion and the salesman playing. The champion was ahead, but I remembered what the salesman had told me and bet two dollars on him against the champion. The salesman won. They played again. I bet four dollars on the salesman. Near the end of the game, with the salesman shooting and needing only a few points to win, the champion claimed he had fouled by touching a ball with his sleeve. The referee allowed the claim. The champion shot and won the game. I had fifty cents left.

After supper I went to the theatre. No Florine. The show began—she hadn't come. I waited, anguished, another half hour; but she didn't come. I threw the box of candy into the street and walked away. "To hell with her!" I said. Then I remembered her in my arms, and thought she might be sick. "But whether she loves me or not I have to get nine dollars," I reminded myself. I went to one of the poolrooms, hoping to find some one to back me in a game.

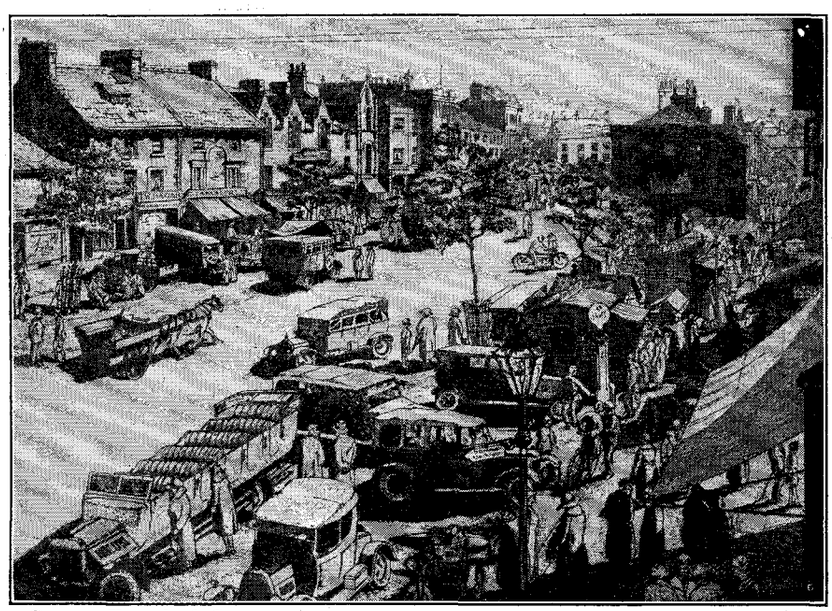
I asked several fellows to back me. Some refused; some had no money. I stood watching others play, thinking of going to Florine's aunt's and asking to see her. I'd learn whether she was sick or mad at me. If her aunt came to the door I'd pretend I had the wrong address.

One of the fellows I had asked to back me called me over. "Want to get some money—a lot of it?" he asked. "Sure," I said. "How can I get it? How much?" "It ought to be a thousand dollars—maybe two thousand. But you'll have to take a chance. It ought to be easy, though." I told him I was ready to take a chance.

He explained that he lived with his mother above a Chinese restaurant, which was on the second floor. He had become very friendly with the Chinese and was often in their place. Several days before his mother had given him a twenty dollar bill to get changed. He had asked one of the Chinese for the change, and had followed him when he went to get it. The Chinese had gone to the pantry in the rear and taken a tin box from a bin where it was hidden beneath burlap bags. The tin box was loaded with bills, most of them tens and twenties. The Chinese kept all their money in it because they were afraid of banks. Every Sunday afternoon they closed the place and went out for several hours, leaving the box behind. A rear stairway led to a back door to their place. The top part of the door was glass, which could be broken without noise by pasting paper over it with molasses. He would watch for them to go out on Sunday while I was waiting nearby, and tell me when they went. Then he would listen for any one coming up the stairs while I was in the place, and signal me by rapping on the floor of his mother's kitchen, which was just above the back part of the restaurant, where they kept the box. If I got his signal I could go out the back and be in the street and around the corner before any one coming in the front could notice that I had been there.

I said the plan sounded perfect; that I needed money badly and would go through with the thing on Sunday. "If I can't get money some other way," I told myself, "I will."

The next morning, Saturday, I took three dollars more from the mail—to be ready to take Florine to the dance if



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

MAIN STREET
Etching by Kenneth Holmes

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she showed up; to gamble if she didn't.

She didn't show up. I gambled and lost.

She didn't come Sunday morning. The time came for me to go to the place where I had arranged to wait for the fellow living above the Chinese restaurant. Frank had left an automatic revolver at the house. I removed the bullets from it and took it along, thinking it would scare the Chinese if they surprised me, and give me a chance to escape. I took a piece of heavy wrapping paper, too, the size of the glass in the back door, and a can of molasses.

I had waited only a little while when the other fellow ran up. "They're gone," he said. "All right," I said; "go and watch."

I went in the back way, up the stairs. I covered the glass with molasses; pasted the paper on. I used the butt of the automatic as a hammer, hitting the glass in several places, cracking it all over. Another moment and I had shoved it all out, and climbed in. The door was nailed shut. I didn't take time to open it. I found the pantry, looked through it. No tin box. Two other small rooms. No tin box in them. I tried the door leading from the hall to a room ahead. It was locked. I tried to break it open; threw myself against it again and again. It opened; I fell in on the floor. I heard a scream. I saw a Chinese, an old man, sitting up in bed, holding his hands up, screaming. I waved the automatic at him; ran around the room, looking for the tin box. Nowhere. I lifted the mattress on the bed, tumbling the old man to the other side. No tin box. I thought I heard a key turning in the front door. I ran to the back, dove through the window, and landed head down on the stairway. I slid to the bottom, speeding myself with my hands. I jumped up, ran to the street, around the corner, and the next. I got home.

I brushed my clothes. My shirt and underwear were soaked with sweat. I got fresh ones and took a bath. I made a pot of coffee and drank several cups, quieting my nerves. Then I went to the poolroom and waited for the other fellow to come. He didn't show up. I walked up to the Chinese restaurant. A crowd stood there, a policeman in the center. I joined the crowd. "Damn chinks!" the cop said. "They want a man arrested without giving a description. They don't belong in this country anyway. Everybody knows they never put their money in a bank. They ought to be robbed." I smiled, feeling safe, and walked away.

I expected Frank in the morning. If he left again soon I could keep him from knowing about the money I'd taken. I had filled the orders the money paid for, but hadn't entered them. He'd have to check off the policies sent out with those I had entered, before he could find out. I was sure he wouldn't do it. The business had increased, which probably would please him and let him think he could leave again immediately.

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

TOWN HALL STEPS
Etching by Kenneth Holmes

Florine came and we made up. At first I didn't feel like doing so. I told her how miserable she had made me feel by acting the way she did the last time she had come, by staying away ever since without even sending a note to explain her absence. She said she had had a cold and been tired by her walk the last time she had come and had wanted terribly to lie in my arms in the easy chair and be cuddled and kissed, but that I had become cold and distant to her and wouldn't even answer her when she had spoken to me. She had felt terribly hurt. I told how I had torn up the theatre tickets and thrown the candy away when she hadn't come Friday night. She said she had been dying to come and to go to the dance with me but that her aunt had made her stay in because her cold was bad. I said I expected to be short of money the coming Friday and Saturday and couldn't promise to take her to the theatre or to dance. She kissed me and said she wouldn't mind as long as she knew I loved her. She had twenty-five dollars saved up from what her mother sent her every week and what Frank had given her, and would give it to me if I wanted it. I said I wouldn't think of taking it. We sat for over an hour in the easy chair, close and happy. Staying indoors had made her a little pale, and I felt very tender towards her. We said goodnight under the tree.

Going home I reeled with happiness, shouted it to the stars, until my intensity made me faint and weak. I told myself I'd easily get money to put back what I'd taken and then wouldn't take any more. The business would soon be up to five hundred policies a week and I'd have plenty of money to give Florine good times. I felt glad I hadn't found the tin box at the Chinese. It would have given me a lot of money for a while, but when it had been spent I'd feel like stealing more and might turn into a crook for life. Florine would find out and stop loving me, and I'd lose all chance of ever amounting to anything. I had had a narrow escape at the Chinese. I laughed, thinking of the old man, screaming and waving his arms after I'd broken in the door, and how funny he looked tumbling over when I lifted the mattress.

A telegram came from Frank in the

(Please Turn to Page 316)

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Let Us Have Pomp!

By T. R. YBARRA

MONARCHY has lost its power but not its pomp. For centuries the subjects of emperors and kings have been busily curtailing the prerogatives of their anointed sovereigns, until there remains to the crowned heads of the earth only a shadow of the despotic or well-nigh despotic privileges of yesterday. Yet those same subjects have left the descendants of erstwhile autocratic sires hedged about with almost as much panoply and pageantry as were their right in the heyday of royal glory. Nation after nation has, so to speak, filched the gold from the crown of its kings and left only the glitter. Yet, despite the rise of democracy and socialism and communism, despite the progress of the notion that all men are born equal, this glitter—at least on special occasions of state—remains as bright as ever it was and continues to wield the same magical influence over human beings of the twentieth century as it did in the times when no man dared question the divine right of kings unless he were prepared to face rack and thumb-screw, gallows or stake or headsman's ax.

The pomp of royalty returned last month to Rome when Maria José, Princess of Belgium, became the consort of Humbert, Crown Prince of Italy. For two full hours a glittering procession marched past the magnificent royal box in which sat the royal couple and their royal parents. Soldiers in gala array; ecclesiastics robed in garments recalling the medieval splendor of the Roman Church; eminent civilians clad in the most dignified of long-tailed coats and high black hats; peasants, from every province of Italy, in their traditional local costumes; Benito Mussolini himself, the Italian king who needs, for the assertion of his authority, neither a crown on his head nor royal blood in his veins; all these were gathered together to pay homage to the young bride and groom, and, through them, to the idea of monarchy which—according to many a cynic of our day—is as dead as the kings of ancient Greece and the emperors of ancient Rome. As Victor Emmanuel III, King of Italy, and Albert, King of the Belgians, stood in the royal box and viewed all that pomp, all that vociferous loyalty, they must have imagined themselves back in the days when monarchs made and unmade ministers, and waged nice little wars, and indulged in nice little amours, with never a Mussolini nor a cabinet nor a parliament to say them nay.

It was the same, some months before the royal pageant at Rome, when the capital of Belgium outdid itself to celebrate, with becoming pomp and glitter, the marriage of Leopold, Prince of Belgium to Astrid, Princess of Sweden.

Yes, Rome and Brussels have given strong evidence recently of the survival into our democratic age of the pomp of royalty. But, if you would really be convinced of the ability of that pomp to survive, though shorn of the power that formerly accompanied it, go to England!

ENGLAND'S kings used to wield despotic authority over their dominions; they imposed their edicts by a wave of their royal hands; and, with like nonchalance, they bestowed an earldom on this favorite while consigning that one to the tender mercies of the executioner. But many years ago the English people changed all that. Ever more firmly, ever more insistently, they told their kings "Thus far shalt thou go but no further!"—and, to prove to haughty wearers of the English crown that they meant what they said, they even escorted Charles I to the scaffold and stood by impassively while his royal head was severed from his royal shoulders. That, one would imagine, meant the knell of monarchy in England. Yet it did not. The Commonwealth of Cromwell vanished, the kings of England returned—but how they have changed! They can scarcely move now without the consent of Parliament, their power has been whittled down to almost nothing, there is scarcely anything left to them of their pristine glory.

Scarcely anything—except their pomp.

If you doubt it, go to see King George V, who has inherited but a shadow of the authority of his forebears, officially open Parliament. See him as he rides—in a gorgeous, golden equipage, drawn by snow-white horses, upon which are mounted postilions as unreal as if they had jumped from the pages of the Cinderella legend—on his royal progress toward the House of Lords. On each side of the route followed by him stand immobile lines of scarlet-coated soldiers. Commands are thundered, rifles are presented—and His Majesty George V, descending, with his Queen, from the royal carriage, strides into the House of Lords, with his crown on his head and his sceptre in his hand, to seat himself on the throne which is his by virtue of the fact that he is King of England and King of Scotland, Emperor of India and Defender of the Faith. Nor does he seat himself figuratively on the throne—it is actually there, before one's eyes, and George actually mounts the steps leading to it and takes his place upon it—with the Queen, mind you, on his left, not his right, since no subject of an English King can be seated on the monarch's right. Before him, peers of the realm in magnificent scarlet robes, fringed with ermine, and peeresses wearing diamonds and pearls and rubies and sapphires, rise to their feet to perform homage to their sovereigns.

Ay, the pomp of royalty still lives!—it did not tumble into the dust, as did the power of royalty, when Cromwell cut off unfortunate King Charles's head!

That acute political philosopher, Walter Bagehot, thoroughly understood the reasons why the glitter of monarchy remains though its substance is all but gone. "Royalty," he wrote, in one of the best of his works, "is a government in which the attention of the nation is concentrated on one person doing interesting actions. A Republic is a government in which that attention is divided between many persons who are all doing uninteresting actions. So long as the human heart is strong and the human reason weak, royalty will be strong, because it appeals to diffused feelings, and republics weak, because they appeal to the understanding."

Since those words were written the idea of monarchy has been further weakened and the anti-monarchical idea further strengthened. But mankind, though it will not let kings govern any more, insists that they strut and parade and sparkle in undiminished glory. Presidents can't strut—Cabinet Ministers can't parade—Congressmen can't sparkle. It takes a King or a Queen to do that.

So—here's to them! Long may they live—provided they don't try to govern!

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Low Prices and Prosperity

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

If it is not invariably true that a period of rising prices is a period of prosperity, what about the theory that falling prices bring depression. That too, says Mr. Scroggs, is not always true

IT has long been a fixed idea among business men that rising prices bring prosperity and falling prices bring depression. Like most generalizations, this can be proved or disproved by specific examples. A rapid decline of the price level may be a cause of depression, or it may be an effect of it, or it may be both a cause and an effect. The same considerations apply in the case of rising prices and prosperity. But there have been times when we have had almost unexampled prosperity while prices were falling, and there have also been times when the prosperity under rising prices has proved to be fictitious.

Most of us can recall the bustling business activity which followed the armistice, when prices moved a little higher every day, and the higher they went the bigger grew the boom. Now that we can view those developments in better perspective, we are not so sure that the abnormal activity was real prosperity. It was certainly not the sort of prosperity which this country has enjoyed in more recent years. In the post-armistice period both labor and management were inefficient, if measured by present standards; credit was over-extended; transportation facilities inadequate; manufacturers and merchants were accumulating huge inventories on the assumption that there was "not enough to go around;" and there was reckless expenditure for luxuries by those who could not afford them.

Today all this is changed. Labor and management were never more efficient; freight-car shortages are practically unknown; hand-to-mouth buying has taken the place of heavy inventory accumulation, with its accompanying risks. Of course, the picture is not rose-colored throughout. There are bad spots here and there, but on the whole the present economic situation represents a vast improvement over that of a decade ago.

Something like a new industrial revolution is under way in this country. Since 1919 the average output per worker has increased by more than one-half through the adoption of improved technical processes and more efficient plant organization. There has likewise been a gain in the purchasing power of the American people, with a correspondingly larger consumption and a shortening of working hours.

Now, the significant thing about these changes for the better is that they have come when the general trend of prices has been downward. Yet, so fixed is the belief that prosperity is linked with rising prices that many commentators have referred to the pronounced industrial expansion under receding prices as "an economic miracle." The developments have run so strongly counter to their preconceived notions that they find it difficult to accept them as natural phenomena. This may help to explain the popularity of the dogmas of the economists of the "new era" school last year while the boom in the stock market was at its height. If business had become immune to the things which used to depress it, said the apostles of the "new era," the possibilities of the future were almost infinite. Some of the operators in the stock market undertook to anticipate these infinite possibilities, and the result is now history.

IN SOBER truth there has been no economic miracle. Such changes as have recently occurred have not affected the fundamentals; only the tempo is different. Men's memories are short, and that is why the lessons of one period so often have to be learned all over again in the next decade or two. The immense industrial expansion since the World War is not without its parallel in American history. Nothing which has happened in these years has been any more striking than the great strides taken by this country in the period from 1880 to 1890. Indeed, between that decade and the post-war years there are many striking similarities.

The period from 1880 to 1890 witnessed the construction of 74,000 miles of railway, or approximately 30 per cent of the present total mileage. With this came the opening to cultivation of vast farming areas in the West. This decade also saw an increase of 120 per cent in the amount of capital employed in manufacturing, of 131 per cent in the total wages paid to employees of factories, of 66 per cent in the number of employees, and of 69 per cent in the value of products. Pig-iron production in this period rose 139 per cent, and soft-coal production 135 per cent. Check transactions outside of New York City—an excellent gauge of the country's business activity—increased 100 per cent.

This was also an era of industrial combinations. It witnessed the beginnings of the trust movement. Great captains of industry like John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie were doing their most effective work, and Congress took cognizance of what was going on when in 1890 it passed the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Three years earlier it had also taken note of the growth of the great railway systems and had established the Interstate Commerce Commission for their regulation. With this expansion came a great demand for labor and a change in the character of the immigration. Job-seekers from southern and eastern Europe began to arrive in increasing numbers. In 1880 they constituted 8 per cent of the total arrivals, and by 1890 they had increased to 35 per cent.

It is useless to cite further data showing the remarkable growth of trade and industry in this period. The most striking fact about it is that it occurred while prices were steadily falling. In 1880 the index number of wholesale prices, with the 1913 average taken as 100, stood at 98; in 1890 it had dropped to 82, a decline of 17 per cent for the decade. Under the commonly accepted theory, this should have been a period of hard times; instead, it was one of the most amazing periods of expansion the country has known.

And so the present period, with its slowly receding price level and its expanding production and rising wages, is not a novelty or an economic miracle after all. The thing has happened before. We can have immense progress and substantial prosperity in spite of falling prices. It is not the fact of recession, but the cause of it, which affects our economic well-being. If prices go down because increasing industrial efficiency is lowering production costs, their decline may stimulate rather than retard business activity.

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Disparity—Golf's Chief Hazard

By GEORGE TREVOR

ONE READS of the "perils of parity" as applied to naval armament, but in golf the chief danger would seem to lie in precisely the opposite direction. I refer to the anomalous situation which will exist after January 1, 1931, when the new golf ball, sponsored by the United States Golf Association, becomes "official" on this side of the Atlantic.

The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, custodian of the game in Great Britain, has declined to adopt our new golf ball specifications. St. Andrews, where golf originated, proposes to stick to the present long range ball, popularly dubbed "the jack rabbit."

These divergent decisions sound the knell of golf ball parity. The golfer's ammunition will soon cease to be standardized. By 1931, the so-called "balloon ball" will be mandatory in competitions staged under U.S.G.A. auspices, while the "jack rabbit" remains compulsory equipment in the British championships.

Here is a cleavage that may have far reaching consequences. The new ball is somewhat lighter and larger than that now in general use, though the term "balloon" carries a misleading implication. In reality, the variation in dimensions is microscopic. With the naked eye one can scarcely detect any difference, but even the minutest changes in size and weight is bound to modify the mechanics of so delicately adjusted, subtly attuned a process as the golf swing. You will feel the difference even if you can't see it.

The U.S.G.A. is determined to foist the larger and lighter ball upon its constituents, sincerely believing that it will restore the balance between driving and approaching which the present tightly wound, high velocity ball is said to have disrupted.

The jack rabbit, when driven by experts, has an incredible run on America's sun-baked fairways, thus over-emphasizing the tee shot and transforming difficult par four holes into simple drive and pitch layouts. To preserve the virile character of golf, to keep the brassie and long iron from sharing the fate of the great auk, the U.S.G.A., after five years experimentation, has evolved the new ball.

The Royal and Ancient, conversely, is satisfied with the status quo. This sancrosanct body believes that Britain's moist climate, lush turf, heavy fairways, and gale-lashed rains justify the employment of the small, heavy ball.

The writer is not opposed to the balloon ball, per se, but I do feel that the U.S.G.A. should delay its introduction until the R. and A. can be persuaded to conform. Their rulings should synchronize. Consider what the adoption of two dissimilar "official" balls will mean.

American golfers, forced to use the balloon ball from 1931 on, will necessarily modify their swing and adjust their technique to conform with the vagaries of the new ammunition. This readjustment will make it harder for our players to win Britain's tradition-flavored titles. Competing overseas, they must switch back to the old jack rabbit—a change that may throw their timing out of kilter and affect that nebulous something we call "touch."

Of course, the thing cuts both ways. British golfers, invading America, will be handicapped to an even greater degree, since the balloon ball will be totally unfamiliar to them.

Theoretically, the disadvantage should weigh equally on British and American golfers playing overseas, but actually America will be the chief loser through the introduction of the new ball. You see we have been winning Britain's golf classics with the jack rabbit ball, while they haven't lifted an American championship since Vardon broke through at Cleveland.

THE 1930 Walker Cup Tie, scheduled for Sandwich next May, is the last international team match wherein both sides will be playing a familiar ball. When the British amateurs return our visit two years hence, we shall choke the new ball down their throats, thus widening the already formidable odds in our favor. By that time our top notchers will have become accustomed to the lighter sphere, will have adapted their technique to suit its eccentricities.

Arbitrarily to foist a different type of ball upon invaders whose ancestors "invented" golf savors of impudent presumption. It is as though the British, having taken up baseball enthusiastically, had the gall to alter the size and weight of the horsehide covered sphere and compel visiting American nines to play with the modified baseball.

Comparative scoring values will be affected by the presence of two official balls, differing in size and weight. Records won't mean anything unless an explanatory note accompanies them, telling which ball was used. Golf's common denominator will be destroyed.

SO MUCH for the competitive angle. What of the long suffering duffer, the common garden variety of club member who, collectively speaking, constitutes the backbone of the game?

If he is an American he must play the balloon ball whether he likes it or not, unless he bootlegs a supply of contraband ammunition from abroad. Obeying the U.S.G.A. edict, American golf ball manufacturers will scrap their old moulds and gauges and install new machinery this year designed to turn out the balloon ball on a quantity production basis. Needless to say, they took this step reluctantly, involving as it did a considerable outlay of capital. The old ball will be discontinued here.

British manufacturers, banded together solidly, waged a crusade against the new ball. Whether the pressure they brought to bear upon the Royal and Ancient influenced those sturdy conservatives is doubtful, but at least the British trade gained its point.

Meanwhile, the U.S.G.A. is striving, through seductive propaganda, to lessen the duffer's instinctive fear of a lighter ball. He is told that the balloon sphere sits up pertly on the fairway fairly begging to be hit; that it is easy to spot in the rough; that it putts truer; that it is simpler to hoist off the ground; that it doesn't snuggle into heel prints. He is advised that it will curb the expert's range without affecting his own relatively puny prowess with the driver.

Still the duffer remains skeptical. Somehow these arguments remind him of the blandishments which parents employ when coaxing little Willie to gulp down a dose of castor oil. Your dub wants *no* compromise with distance. He would as soon lose his right eye as ten yards of tee.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books — The Theatre — The Movies

The Emancipation of Lincoln

ALL OVER the world there are just two types of critical writers: the journalistic and the professorial. The journalist will write on any subject; skepticism as to his limitations he knows not. The professor, with sufficient knowledge of his own subject to be mindful of its seductiveness and for this very reason unmindful of the fact that all subjects are related and in need of correlation, either does not write at all, or he writes wholly in his own field and does so with the belief that the journalist is a contemptuous charlatan.

Neither has a well-proportioned outlook, but of the two the professor is the less intelligent. If there were any truth in his hardened contention that in order to write on a given subject the knowledge that is born of concrete experience is indispensable, sociologists would have to extend the boundaries of their field quite beyond that of criminals and imbeciles, only the dead would be entitled to take a stand on theology, and it would be hopelessly useless for men to write about women.

Let no one carp and gird then at the appearance of *Lincoln,* (Little, Brown, $5.00), by Emil Ludwig. High Heaven and the reading public know that he is turning out a colossal amount of stuff; but Karl Lamprecht wrote with even greater bulkiness and certainly no one ever questioned the solidity of his tomes. And Herr Ludwig is a German who never saw Lincoln, who knows of the Civil War only from hearsay, who never engaged in American politics, and who never experienced an assassination. But Dante had never been in Hell when he wrote the *Divine Comedy,* nor was Shakespeare ever in Rome, nor did Goethe resign a professorship as a preliminary experience to the writing of *Faust.*

Ludwig has had in truth a career that would fit him up beautifully for the expansive and extraordinary dramatization of Lincoln that lies before us. He has written much; this has given him a facility. He can write; his *Lincoln* shows it even in translation. This is his fifth monumental biography; the lives of great men are all very much alike. He has all along been crystallizing a technique; this reached its final form in his *Napoleon.* His monetary success with his various publications has been so phenomenal that he can easily afford to hire the clerical assistance that would make the writing of such a book as *Lincoln* a jaunt rather than a task. And he is a gifted omitter. In *Napoleon* he omitted the general; here he omits "the history of slavery and the great Civil War."

FASHIONS IN THE THIRTIES

From "Casket" of July, 1831, reproduced in "A History of American Magazines" by Frank Luther Mott (Appleton)

Nor is this all. In his foreword he tells us with a measure of vigor that in order to do the subject justice, he laid before him the works on Lincoln by Beveridge, Sandburg, Lord Charnwood, Frazier Hunt, and Ida Tarbell, to the last two of whom he is also grateful for their general "advice and co-operation." This simplifies the problem, particularly since he lays no claim to having looked into the great work on Lincoln, in ten volumes, by Hay and Nicolay, nor even into that rather elaborate Lincoln in two volumes by William E. Barton, a book that gives the lie to much that Ida Tarbell wrote.

Possibly then Ludwig has written his *Lincoln* for the German public. Quite the contrary: it is written for us in the U. S. A. He has set out to show us that in Lincoln we have a man "absolutely original, comparable to none, immemorably unique." He never once abandons this tone throughout the entire 200,000 words. Lincoln is perfect; he emancipates him from everything that even remotely resembles a potential fault of weakness. He does not even speak of Lincoln's assassination, but of his crucifixion. The ink is hardly yet dry on Herr Ludwig's life of Christ.

But you cannot blame the man for this. His German publisher, Ernst Rowohlt of Berlin, states that he had sold 513,000 copies of Ludwig's works in German up to January 1, 1930. That sounds like a mighty number; and yet it is this country that put Emil Ludwig on his feet. When he left here some time ago at the close of a successful lecture tour, with "exactly" and indented checks in his wallet from the American sales of his *Goethe* and *Napoleon,* he transmitted a message to the American people that ran as follows: "I came into your great country with holes in my socks; but I am leaving it with perfect hosiery."

The volume is divided into five books each with about twenty headless chapters. The books are entitled *Wage Earner, Citizen, Fighter, Liberator,* and *Father.* By the latter Ludwig means "Dutch Uncle," for he says he means the Lincoln that had learned to stand for no foolishness, to tell people what they had to do. The work is dedicated to Thomas A. Edison "who brings down to us Lincoln's spirit of humanity."

The novel features of the biography are the style; everything is told in the present tense; there is no relief from it. And the explanation of Lincoln's sadness: he was a poet who was forced into politics. And the errors of reasoning

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that are so glaring that they really lend lustre to the book.

The errors range from little to big. In the beginning we are told of a stone that fell on the roof of the log cabin, rolled down the roof, and then "thumped against the side." No stone ever followed that sort of course in the town in which the present writer was born and in which there is no stone that has not been thrown at somebody. We are told now that Lincoln had a narrow chest and now a broad one, now a handsome neck and now one in which the Adam's apple pumped with too much conspicuousness. Lincoln goes to Richmond and is for the first time surrounded by Negroes. A hundred pages earlier we had been told that a group of Negroes called on him in Washington and that this was the first time he was ever surrounded by Negroes. But why waste space on trifles? For there are some very serious errors of judgment in this book.

Ludwig states, and obviously believes, that Lincoln came to have an interest in slaves from that first flat-boat trip to New Orleans where he saw them sold. The sale of men did not exactly overwhelm him. They bring out a lovely young girl; she is only partly clad; naughty men smack their lips and snap their fingers at the price for such a morsel; she is a virgin, too; Lincoln looks on; he is shy about women; he determines to save such loveliness. So he backs up the Mississippi with the White House as his objective and the Emancipation Proclamation, though not written, in his heart. As reading matter it is glorious; but as to the truth it is too much. And yet obese Mary Todd Lincoln could become jealous of such a son of Lancelot and Elaine!

Precisely what prejudiced Ludwig against General McClellan is not easy to surmise. The first General of the Union forces did delay for a long while. But the Confederate troops had their hearts in the business much more than the Union during the first half of the Civil War. Suppose McClellan had struck and lost. We would this day be sending ambassadors, or at least ministers to Richmond and sprinkling Atlanta, Birmingham and other cities in that vicinity with consuls. In any event, the present writer quite obstinately refuses to entertain the belief that George B. McClellan was a crook.

There is an air of certitude, sureness, and even self-complacency about the book that is amazing. Take for example the matter of the Gettysburg address, which Ludwig, like many others, overrates. There are six well documented theories, or opinions as to whether Lincoln did or did not speak without preparation. All of these Ludwig brushes to one side. He knows that Lincoln delivered a "carefully prepared" speech. He had a chance here to justify his method of writing but failed utterly to make use of it. What

From "Knickerbocker" April, 1834, in "A History of American Magazines"

are the facts? The Union Army with Lincoln as its leader, has waited long for a signal victory. Given it at last, the Union—we might say the nation—decides to consecrate the victorious battle-field. By virtue of his office, Lincoln has to be present; and he has to speak. Otherwise, we would have a situation something like this. The bands have played, Edward Everett has spoken for an hour and fifty-seven minutes, the crowd is getting a little tired, so the chairman, with the entertainment beginning to run thin, gets up and says: "We have with us also Mr. Lincoln of Washington. I have asked him to rise and bow, and we'll give him a hand." Lincoln had probably said his speech over to himself until he could have repeated it if only semi-conscious.

What is this book anyhow? History it certainly is not. The publishers are so jealous of its worth that they have forbidden reviewers from quoting more than five hundred words of it without their very own consent. This reviewer needs only five, though in reading every syllable of it he jotted down eighty-four things he wished to comment on, and now he must quit without having mentioned eighty of them. Ludwig quotes a quite commonplace remark by Lincoln and then adds: "Every word of it literature!" That hits off the whole book. There is not a dull line in it.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

The Week's Reading

THERE IS no more fascinating study than that of the human and physical influences which have shaped the minds of great men. Especially is the study rewarding when the subject is an enigmatic one. The first thing that strikes the reader of Josephine Pollitt's *Emily Dickinson: The Human Background of Her Poetry* (Harper $3.50) is the amount of excitement which the author must have got from the careful and loving preparation of her work. Her book on the *Cavalier in a Puritan Setting* is neither literary criticism nor biography, and she insists that it must be used in connection with the *Life and Letters* and the *Poetry* edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Aside from some unnecessary trimming of re-created "scenes," Miss Pollitt's book is a serious, sympathetic and provocative study of the major influences which moulded Emily's thought and expression. Apart from the influences of heredity and physical environment, Emily was chiefly affected by her contacts with five unusual men. In her girlhood Professor Hitchcock, the naturalist, and a young teacher, "my earliest friend," directed her interests. Later she had close association with Dr. Charles Wadsworth, mystic and brilliant, emotional preacher of immortality; with Thomas Wentworth Higginson, essayist and critic; and with Major Hunt, scientist and engineer, husband of Emily's girlhood friend, Helen Foote (later Helen Hunt Jackson), and identified by Miss Pollitt as

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the hero of Emily's love story. Miss Pollitt says "Every influence brought to bear upon her mind and art had tended to confirm her in a belief in herself. Certain similar ideas were running through the study of her young tutor, through the minds of Major Hunt and of Dr. Wadsworth, through the philosophy of Emerson, through the essays and literary doctrine of Mr. Higginson. "Be yourself. Life is sturdy; write of the things about you, life as it is. Take time, the world has always been indifferent to genius." Miss Pollitt's theory

(Continued on Next Page)

Children

As Seen in Recent Books

HERE is an armful of books that might almost have been sent along by the Book Editor to provide support for that recent remark in this column about the increasing preoccupation of students of human nature with the young of the species. Not that it requires support. Indeed criticism or suppression might have been considered more appropriate. For is there any one who is not aware that this is The Age of the Child?

If your child is difficult, stubborn, queer, hard to manage, different, or nervous, will not play or eat or sleep, causes worries because he is a problem —then *Just Normal Children* (Appleton) by Florence Mateer, Ph. D., is intended for you. She says so herself, in those very words. Dr. Mateer is director of the Merryheart Schools in Columbus, Ohio, and has written an earlier book, on *The Unstable Child.* In this new volume she organizes her knowledge and experience to make it available for all parents who can read and understand simple English. A list of eighty-nine questions is provided to aid the parent in recognizing traits which need correction, and the more common problems are discussed in a most helpful way. To illustrate each problem a typical case is reported, and then the questions which would naturally, or which should, arise in the parent's mind are asked and answered, in dialogue form.

A smaller book with the same object of helping parents is *The Behavior of Young Children* (Scribners) by Ethel B. Waring and Marguerite Wilker, professors of child guidance in Cornell University. This is in the series on Childhood Education, edited by Patty Smith Hill of Teachers College, Columbia, who supplies an introduction. It is limited to sleeping and eating behavior. Incidents about children are related in pairs, each pair illustrating desirable and undesirable training, and a key to the interpretation of the incidents is given at the end of the chapter. Next quotations are presented from various authors; and then questions are asked to guide the mother in evaluating the child's behavior and to open her eyes to conditions which may be responsible for whatever she discovers in it that is undesirable.

Still another book written for parents, and also for teachers and social workers who are immediately responsible for the care and training of children, is *Newer Ways With Children* (Greenberg) by M. V. O'Shea, head of the department of education in the University of Wisconsin and widely known as author, editor, and leader in this field. This too is a book that should be very useful to the audience for which it is intended —a large one, for literate parents of growing children must constitute a considerable part of our population.

Educational developments in school systems of some fifty countries are followed in the *Educational Yearbook* of the International Institute of Teachers College, Columbia University, edited by I. L. Kandel, Ph. D., of which the volume for 1928 has recently been issued (Bureau of Publications, Teachers College). Dr. Kandel finds that "scarcely a single country has remained unaffected by modern educational movements." Of special interest in the *Yearbook* for 1928 is a description of the general system of education in Palestine and also of the Zionist schools.

The Child's Heredity (Williams and Wilkins) by Paul Popenoe, the eugenist, and *Heredity and Parenthood* (Macmillan) by Samuel Christian Schmucker, professor emeritus of the biological sciences in the Pennsylvania state teachers college at West Chester, are also avowedly guide-books for parents, but from the biologist's point of view rather than from that of the educator or the mental hygienist. Professor Popenoe explains about chromosomes and genes and their habits—why every baby is different from every other baby ever born, and how the known laws of heredity work to determine its characteristics. He ends with the dictum that the "final test of intelligence" is the way a man uses his opportunity to "favor the progressive evolution of the race" when he selects "a set of genes to add to his own for the creation of children."

Dr. Schmucker's well written book has had high praise from highly competent critics, none of which to this reviewer seems extravagant. It reveals not only a scientist, but also a mellow philosopher, with a broad-minded and sympathetic outlook on life. The first part is a clear statement of heredity and evolution. Of the second part it has been said by one who is familiar with other attempts to do the same thing: "Here at last is the right method of teaching a child ideals of parenthood and life."

EDWARD T. DEVINE

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of Emily's love story is credible, and heavily supported by the evidence of letters and poems. The love story was the innermost chamber of Emily's enclosed and secret house and the mystery with which it has been—(inevitably? intentionally?)—invested by the Dickinson relatives has been responsible for popular exaggeration of the eccentricities of Emily's middle-age and for the silly charges of perversion which Miss Pollitt so ably refutes. A valuable book in itself, Miss Pollitt's has the added value of enticing its readers into their own speculations on the well springs of Emily's poetry: its only serious defect arises from the fact that she could not secure the permission of the copyright owners to quote as extensively as she should have done from the letters and poems. Readers will have to remedy that for themselves.

Behind the Blurbs

WHY SOME PEOPLE should blush when caught reading a crime story we have never been able to understand. Some thrillers are cheap and vulgar, but then, so are some biographies. Yet in defending the claims to dignity of this form of literature we think Mary Roberts Rinehart, in *The Publishers' Weekly,* goes a little too far. "For the author," she writes, "let it be said at once that no form of writing implies such concentration, such watchfulness and so intensive a drain on his pure creative ability." After all, if Spengler wrote a thriller called *At the Hands of Parties Unknown,* we don't believe he'd have required a greater measure of the qualities mentioned than he did in writing *The Decline of the West.* Perhaps Spengler isn't a good example, as the latter book might indeed be ranked almost as a detective story, to which the former title would apply, since it inquires into the causes of the death of a civilization. ☙ ☙ ☙ Poe's *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym,* illustrated by Rene Clarke, will be issued by the Limited Editions Club to its members in Feb. ☙ ☙ ☙ Next time we take a vacation, we're going to Turkey. They only published one book there last year, *All Quiet on the Western Front.* We'd like to apply for the job of literary editor on the *Constantinople Times* or the *Turkish Daily Delight,* or whatever newspapers are published in that country. We'd take a very modest salary to start. (Constantinople papers please copy.) ☙ ☙ ☙ A charming first novel, whose early chapters will recreate for you the actual scents and sounds and feelings of your

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

THE MOST vivid impressions of American life which we received from Broadway last week were, first, that love is the great destroyer of self reliance, second, that alcohol is the sine qua non of society, and third that even our mail order publishers have not yet succeeded in showing us how to take our French or let it alone.

Oddly enough, all three are contained in Donald Ogden Stewart's *Rebound*—particularly the French; which provides much of the merriment of that piece. Otherwise, while entertaining to a high degree in scattered moments, it isn't so much, Mr. Heywood Broun to the contrary, notwithstanding. Its alcohol is well served, and its trivialities well wise-cracked, and its star Hope Williams displays unsuspected abilities as a comic singer. But its characters are not well drawn and their talk suffers from a Stewart complex so that they seem to present more a monologue than a play. And the one high light of the piece—wherein an unwanted suitor, by his too great dependence upon the disconsolate wife for love and happiness, shows up to the wife her own emotional mistake with her husband—this dramatic highlight is not sufficient to make the whole play satisfying. Too much cake, and not enough bread and butter, was our reaction.

It's excellent cake, nevertheless. And possibly wealthy people who live in New York country houses and spend much of their time in Europe don't have much bread and butter. We wouldn't know about that. To us, the funniest thing in it is a New York to Paris telephone call wherein Hope Williams tries to make clear to her mother that she is alone because her bridegroom husband has just gone out for the mail.

We liked that.

In fact, we liked the whole thing a shade better than *The Boundary Line* despite the undoubted drama, the clear thinking, and the good characterization of Dana Burnet's piece. Mr. Burnet is a playwright while Mr. Stewart isn't. And he has many good things to say in his story of a girl who wanted security but married a man who wanted life. For life is difficult to define, as a tangible goal; while financial security in a commercial, suburban existence is easily expressed in terms of a house and fence and boundary line. And the emotional deeps which manifest themselves in such desires make thoughtful material for a play. Moreover, the legal mind which nails down and seeks to perpetuate security of this kind does produce the hatred and violent conflict of the world; while the poetic desire for life and love and human understanding which appears so anarchistic to the legal mind has in it the possibility of the Kingdom of God. And one is life and the other is death, whether for humanity or emotion or babies. And it is very probable that such tendencies are rooted in sex and the human being's attitude toward it.

All of which Mr. Burnet has made very clear in what—for that reason only—might be called a psychological play about suburban, cocktail drinking, picnicking New York state people.

And yet, it does not quite ring the bell in the theatre. Its aftermath is stimulating to the mind. But on the boards, one is a trifle conscious of the interpretation of life, and not quite lost in the reality of the drama. We even found ourself thinking that Katherine Alexander had been chosen as the wife because the husband could not possibly have still imagined himself so heavily in love had not the lady been so attractive looking.

Bunk itself is the villain in Katherine Cornell's new vehicle, which excites derision mainly, when it isn't scaring you off your chair, and turns out to be a melodrama of deepest dye. If it proves anything it proves that all men—except Latins, possibly—are good scouts but they don't really like murderesses no matter how much they may protect them. So that, in the end, a lady poisoner may escape the electric chair but it doesn't do her any good. Everybody leaves her.

To our surprise the heroine, though disguised by the authors, was in reality none other than Iris March, one of the Mad Marches, and she was bad all the way through, and her mother had been before her, and there wasn't any use marrying her—and all that. She had the baser passions it seemed; and had them bad.

Well, the whole thing isn't believable, of course. But it is filled with heavy kisses, and cabaret singer's rooms at midnight and noble rough diamonds, and friends who are sorry but must do their legal duty, and cross examination scenes and all the murder story stuff. And the heavy murder scene will stop your heart; and you know she will forget her nightdress as the police pound on the door—and well, it's great Al Woods stuff.

For unsophisticated pleasure, however, give us the latest *Little Accident* to come to town—*Many A Slip;* which is infinitely more human than *It's a Wise Child* and contains the best humorous exposition we have seen of the vital difference between those two basic philosophies: run your own life, or run somebody else's.

In this case, as usual, the two parents who try to manage their daughter into marriage and through it, ran their own marriage so badly that they are already divorced. But that doesn't deter them for an instant.

Containing, as it does, both Sylvia Sydney and Douglass Montgomery, we think this comedy not only well acted but true, touching and immensely entertaining.

The Plays of the Week

Rebound by Donald Ogden Stewart at the Plymouth—with the author and Hope Williams.

The Boundary Line by Dana Burnet at the Forty-Eighth St. Theatre—with Otto Kruger, Winifred Lenihan, and Katherine Alexander.

Dishonored Lady by Margaret Ayer Barnes and Edward Sheldon at the Empire—with Katharine Cornell.

Many a Slip by Edith Fitzgerald and Robert Riskin at the Little Theatre—with Sylvia Sidney.

The Outlook's Tabloid Guide to Current Shows

*Strictly Dishonorable: Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.
Sweet Adeline: The nineties with lovely music—amusing, well staged.
Journey's End: The great war play, perfectly acted. The event of the season.
Street Scene: Pulitzer Prize Winner. Tragic realism in a brown stone front.
It's A Wise Child: Cleverly constructed farce-comedy about illegitimacy.
*Berkeley Square: Some metaphysics, a little magic, and much beauty—with Leslie Howard.
June Moon: Comic strip wise-cracking in Tin Pan Alley.
*Fifty Million Frenchmen: Expertly produced musical comedy.
*Sons o' Guns: A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue & alluring Lily Damita.
The First Mrs. Fraser: An uneven English comedy of manners.
Wake Up and Dream: A very engaging London importation with Jack Buchanan.
Heads Up: A progressively entertaining extravaganza with amusing Victor Moore.
*Michael and Mary: A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.
Waterloo Bridge: Well acted but unconvincing story of a soldier boy and a scarlet woman.
Children of Darkness: Skillful and effective prison drama of 1725.
*Death Takes a Holiday: A magnificent idea about Death, inexpertly handled.
Bird In Hand: Whimsical farce by John Drinkwater—excellently done.
Meteor: A fair portrait of an egotist—with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.
Bitter Sweet: Mediocrity all dressed up and no where to go.
*Strike Up the Band: Amusing lyrics, indifferent music—with genial Clark and McCullough.
At the Bottom: Gorki's Lower Depths with Americanisms—bitter, powerful, impressive.
Young Sinners: Somebody else's idea of last year's flapper and her boy friend.
Josef Suss: Compelling 18th century drama with a great second act—from the novel "Power."*

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by theatre brokers.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Street of Chance"

WILLIAM POWELL and director John Cromwell have turned out an absolutely first-rate film about big time gamblers based on New York's famous "unsolved" Rothstein murder case. The story was written by Oliver H. P. Garrett, once a New York reporter, and resembles the newspaper accounts in many respects, even to leaving you in the dark as to who does the final killing. Mr. Powell is now about the most polished actor on the American screen, and Paramount, for a wonder, is giving him something to work with. Paramount, if you have noticed, is now making quite a few films for grownups. All the companies are trying, but this outfit seems to be miles ahead of the others.

Street of Chance is of course another story about Broadway gamblers and racketeers, but it is done with such a fine eye for interesting pictorial effects that you forget all about that. Fully a third of the action takes place on that triangle of pavement just north of the Times Building in Times Square where the out-of-town papers are sold. The dialogue is smart and well-written and features not only some of the most authentic Broadway jargon to date but a surprisingly exciting card game lasting well into the morning. Others in the cast are Jean Arthur, Kay Francis and Regis Toomey who does excellently as the famous gambler's younger brother.

"Son of the Gods"

Richard Barthelmess has no little charm and a well-deserved popularity, but *Son of the Gods* will never get him by any celestial gatekeepers. Dramatic rigor mortis sets in early in the first reel and rapidly becomes worse. Originally written by Rex Beach it is a story of a Chinese student in America who is snubbed and insulted by everybody. Finally his true love (Constance Bennett) lashes his face with a riding whip, making him pretty unhappy. But hold! Comes the dawn! It seems he isn't really Chinese after all . . . it's all a horrible mistake . . . and a horrible bore, if you ask me.

"Not So Dumb"

For the third time the Kaufman-Connelly play (originally known as *Dulcy*) is appearing in public. Directed by King Vidor it includes such players as Marion Davies, Raymond Hackett, Elliott Nugent and Donald Ogden Stewart. Considering the extreme age of the comic material they are handling *Not So Dumb* is really unbelievably good. Marion Davies has improved about one hundred per cent since she began exercising her tonsils, and now she is not only pretty but actually quite amusing. *Not So Dumb* will be remembered by all but the very youngest as the story of an incredibly dumb and unquenchably talkative girl who all but ruins her fiancee's business affairs by butting in and "helping." The film is amusing and Mr. Vidor has done everything possible with the direction.

Minor Matters

In *The Bishop Murder Case* Basil Rathbone, aided by Roland Young, carries on the movie Philo Vance tradition first enacted by William Powell. The film rates a good average as a mystery thriller, being better than the book by quite a little, although some may feel that Mr. Rathbone is too much the perfect English gentleman to be a good super-sleuth.

Burning Up, with Richard Arlen and Mary Brian is the old racing-car scenario brought up to date with sound and talk.

Cameo Kirby, made from the play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson has some nice pictures of the old South, scenes on a Mississippi River boat, a duel, a near-lynching and some singing by Norma Terris. It is pleasant entertainment, but not very exciting.

Worth Seeing

Devil May Care: Ramon Novarro singing pleasantly.
Disraeli: George Arliss in his old play.
The Laughing Lady: Ruth Chatterton has a bit of fun at the expense of her divorced husband.
Men Without Women: Tense moments with a submarine crew trapped on the sea-bottom.
The Rogue Song: Lawrence Tibbett, the opera star, singing magnificently in a silly story.
Seven Days' Leave: Barrie's **The Old Lady Shows Her Medals,** beautifully acted.
The Virginian: Refreshing, well-made outdoor talkie with Gary Cooper.
The Taming of the Shrew: Doug and Mary having fun in Shakespeare's comedy.

Not So Good

Hit the Deck; No, No, Nanette; Sally; Rio Rita; and So Long Letty: Photographic reproductions of slightly stale Broadway musical shows.
New York Nights: Norma Talmadge's first talkie, but only a backstage story.
The Lost Zeppelin: Great doings with studio snow and ice.

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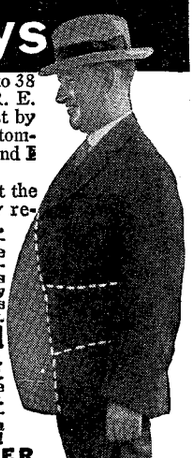

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Wedding

THE little bride stepped out of the hot, sweet glare of sunlight into the cool and shadowed presence of the Church.

The Church was very old and magnificent; like love—like the world. And she, who was new, would pass through it and soon be gone. But for a few moments (on his account) she was important to the Church. The Church would pause and admonish her, would receive her pledges, would intercede for her with God, would bestow a blessing. All this on his account; that she might step into the world again, with this important person as her husband. She trembled with happiness.

For the bridegroom was indeed an important person. He was a member of the Police. In a world that was old with abandonment, he represented law and order. He was the champion of right and justice. Not by his office alone but by his nature, she knew that he would defend the poor and uphold the beauty of law. She saw him as the present flower of this old world, and of all that had been born before him. She was filled with pride.

But as the Church slipped slowly into brightness, and she felt him take his place beside her at the altar, her heart was swept suddenly by a new emotion. She was going to promise—what would she not promise? For she was seeing him in this moment as he might appear before God, as though he had left all but himself outside the Church, standing there beside her humble and eager and unconscious of how beautiful he was, how great, how powerful. Her head swam with beauty, with light, with the promise of heaven. Side by side they sank upon their knees.

As she knelt, her eyelids closed upon her cheeks, the world and heaven in one moment became blank. She knew that there beside her he had opened his eyes. He was not looking at her—he was not listening to the Father—he was thinking of something else. In a panic she opened her eyes.

She had been right. He was kneeling there beside her with his eyelids half-lowered staring out from under them beyond her. Staring at some one. She could not turn her head, her breath was a heavy stone in her side. For she knew that in the direction in which he looked was standing another woman. Another wedding at another altar in the same Church—and members of the wedding party gathered around—and one woman standing at one side from the others.

Who was she? Had he known her before? Was love so dark and whirling a thing as this? Kneeling beside her before God had he left her so swiftly, and for a stranger? Stranger! This man she was marrying, who was he? She threw her head back suddenly as though she must faint. And as though it were a signal the man beside her rose to his feet and left her.

He left her as intently as though the Church, the priest and herself had passed out of existence. So quickly that she could not follow him, he had reached that other woman, had given her a signal and like a flying shadow had turned into an aisle, and was gone.

Still she knelt. The priest in front of her had become a man of stone. The Church, the light and darkness were transfixed. Nothing moved or knew its existence in time. Was this why marble figures held themselves so quietly? Why the saints in their niches prayed above still hands all day? Was it that Heaven and Earth and Hell were burning up within them and there was no longer anything to move for?

She had no thought of how long she knelt or of what she expected now of marriage. Out of the silence and fixity one thought owned her. What was she to do with all this love? Where could she ever rest it now? Must all her life be spent kneeling at this altar waiting for his return?

As though a voice had spoken, the Church miraculously came to life. The priest in front of her lifted his hands above her head, footsteps rang upon the stones behind her. And breathlessly beside her knelt the bridegroom. The priest took up his chant, "I promise—"

"I promise," repeated the bride. And presently, his voice.

It was only as they rose that he had to hold her to keep her from slipping to the floor again.

"You can see," he was telling her all in a rush, "you can see how it must happen! The fellow had her handbag. Could I see him taking it? And in a church? And making his escape? A member of the Police!" With her head upon his shoulder he turned to the Father. "I caught the fellow, Father, and a whole fortune in the bag. Good-luck, Father! For my wedding day."

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Artur Bodanzky

By PITTS SANBORN

HOVERING over the orchestra that he conducts, Artur Bodanzky has been likened to a great bird, and doubtless he does resemble something of the sort, perhaps a condor of the Andes, at once predatory and austere. Dark, tall, spare, Mr. Bodanzky has "line." An ascetic to the eye, a classicist to the understanding, he impresses one with his taut and girded vigor. He is the lean embodiment of energy, with the thrust and drive of a high-power piston rod. Poised upon the podium, Artur Bodanzky is no *poseur*. He conducts for his bandsmen, not for the house. If his silhouette has a species of angular elegance and his gestures achieve a balanced design, all that is by accident of nature. His absorption in his work is complete. Unlike the late Victor Herbert, the living Richard Strauss, and our inimitable Paul Whiteman, he never vibrates visibly to the rhythm he is beating. Nor does he sway and toss and gyrate in a tempest of emotion real or simulated, like this or that prima donna of the baton. He refrains from such bizarre experiments as the pitch-darkening of the entire house while a single spotlight plays in golden radiance upon the batonist's bobbing head. So far as the public is concerned, Mr. Bodanzky is a simon-pure musician and conductor, prepared to stand or fall on the sole issue of his artistic integrity and accomplishment.

The foregoing does not mean that the present writer, or anybody else, need agree *in toto* with Mr. Bodanzky's artistic ideas, aims, or conclusions. Indeed, the present writer has often differed with him radically. For good or for ill, however, it is characteristic of Mr. Bodanzky to resist the pressure of influence. In his undemonstrative way he possesses the unshakable faith of those Renaissance doctors whom he resembles in type. To the best of one's belief, he may in a given instance be utterly mistaken, but none the less he goes his way in the quiet arrogance of his conviction and a rational egotism that will not undervalue his own opinion.

Although Mr. Bodanzky came here originally to conduct the German repertory at the Metropolitan Opera House, at least one follower of his work has found him more satisfying in concert than in opera. Preoccupied as he apparently is with the "line," rather than the color of music, he has naturally found a congenial field in the polyphonists from Bach to Brahms. His Mozart, theoretically correct, tends to dryness, and his Wagner has often seemed less a labor of love than an irritating duty to be disposed of as fast as possible. Yet Mr. Bodanzky has his surprises. One of the most admirable of his achievements at the Opera House was his directing of Meyerbeer's *Prophet*, and in the concert room he repeatedly has shown a particular sympathy with Mendelssohn's works. A disciple, though not a pupil, of Gustav Mahler, he has bestowed affectionate attention upon the intricacies of that greatly intending composer. Nevertheless he has done nothing more conspicuously beautiful in his entire American career than the Cherubini *Requiem* in C minor. On the other hand, the cataclysmic pageantry of *The Dusk of the Gods* has at his behest come perilously near a hymn of hate. As a conductor of Wagner he has shown brightest in the enthralling legend of *Das Rheingold*—in part because this shortest of the Wagnerian music dramas is immune to the caprices of his very idiosyncratic cutting. All told, however, I must insist that the real Artur Bodanzky emerges in the unique Sunday vespers offered by the Society of the Friends of Music. The thinker and scholar cloistered within him walks here as never in the nervous atmosphere of the theatre.

A native of Vienna, where he studied at the Conservatory and played violin in the orchestra of the Court Opera, Mr. Bodanzky was best known as an operetta conductor until in 1909, at the age of thirty-one, he went to the Grand Ducal Theatre at Mannheim, not only as chief conductor of opera, but likewise as conductor of the Philharmonic concerts. In 1914 he extended his fame by conducting the first stage production of *Parsifal* at Covent Garden, London. So far his professional career had proceeded swimmingly for some seventeen years. But now it encountered the reality of a World War. Nevertheless, the Bodanzkyan destiny was to be pacific. Ridding himself of red tape entanglements, he came to the Metropolitan as German conductor, successfully making his début with *Götterdämmerung* on November 17, 1915.

Despite American participation in the War, Mr. Bodanzky managed to keep his post, remaining at the Metropolitan until the end of the season of 1929. In the meantime he had further demonstrated his ability as a concert conductor through his services to the New

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

THE LEADING ARTICLE of next week's issue, "Are Labor Unions Destructive?" by Louis Stark, expert on labor and social conditions for the New York *Times*, is a discussion of what has been accomplished for both labor and industry by means of collective bargaining. Mr. Stark, whose "Old At Forty," appeared in a recent issue of the Outlook and Independent, foresees an increased amount of co-operation between employers and their employees.

FOLLOWING HIS ANALYSIS of the breakdown of Chicago's system of bootlegging in this issue, Lloyd Lewis examines the collapse of that city's financial structure. In "Poor, Insolvent Chicago" Mr. Lewis traces the trouble to an antiquated and unjust system of taxation and suggests that a financial dictatorship may be necessary to put the city back on its feet.

THE RECENT DECLARATION of the Indian National Congress at Lahore again brings up the complicated question of Indian independence. In "Storms Over India" P. W. Wilson discusses the probable outcome of the new movement, and declares that India is not capable of self-government. Mr. Wilson is a former member of the British House of Commons and the author of several books on foreign affairs.

ALTHOUGH MR. COFFEY'S luck had been good it could not last forever. The current instalment of "Thief's Progress" relates the events leading to his second arrest. The next instalment describes his revolt against the exceedingly severe discipline he encountered on his first visit to the State Reformatory. Although his revolt was entirely unsuccessful, luck in the form of a pardon from the Governor returned to him when the outlook seemed to be darkest.

Symphony, the National Symphony, and the Philharmonic orchestras, as well as through his directorship of the concerts of the Friends of Music. When he retired from the Metropolitan last spring, it was to devote all of his time to the greatly increased program of the Friends, at, we may safely assume, a proportionately augmented salary. Again his destiny turned out stronger than any man-laid plans. The fiasco of his Metropolitan successor, Josef Rosenstock, is of too recent occurrence to require extended mention. In their hour of bitter need the Metropolitan management clutched at Bodanzky of the Friends, and he proved a straw of steel. So Artur Bodanzky, while retaining his Friendly position, has returned to the Metropolitan podium with a contract in his strong box of the kind that is usually spoken of as "very advantageous." At present our Batonist of Destiny, musician, scholar, defender of the classic faith, holds once more his two jobs, each of which, we may believe, is a vastly better job than it was a mere twelvemonth ago.

En Route to Jail

(Continued from Page 304)

morning: "Staying another week unless needed wire if wanted best regards Mrs. Moore and myself." I jigged with joy. I'd have time before he got back to sell the policy of his father's company to the man who had promised to take it. My commission would be fourteen dollars. If I could win a few dollars at pool I'd have enough left after paying everything back to take Florine to the theatre and the dance. I thought of writing Frank to send me some money, but decided not to because it might bring him back sooner.

No cash had come in the mail for me to play pool with. What could I pawn for a few dollars? No extra suit, no overcoat. Frank's revolver—that's the thing; better have it out of the way, too. I went home and got it, and pawned it for two dollars. After working a few hours I played pool until suppertime, and went home with nearly six dollars.

Florine came, but could stay only a few minutes, and wouldn't be able to come the next night. After leaving her at the tree I went to the poolroom, and won four dollars more.

In the morning I replaced five dollars of what I had taken, keeping the rest to gamble with. At night I lost it playing pool.

Frank returned unexpectedly. I began worrying. In the afternoon I decided to tell him. I told him what I had taken, forgetting to mention pawning the revolver. He said he was very disappointed with me, that he'd have to think over what he would do about it. He said his father would be very disappointed if he should have to send me back to Philadelphia. I said I was very sorry and asked him not to send me back. He said he'd decide the next day.

Soon after we went home for supper he missed the revolver. He asked me angrily if I had taken it. I answered, without thinking, that I hadn't. He said he'd find out who did, that he'd report it stolen to the police the first thing in the morning and ask them to arrest whoever had taken it. I decided to run away.

Frank went to bed. I took my hat and started out. It was snowing hard; I had no money and could think of no place to go. I decided to go back and wait until morning.

During the night I lay and tossed, miserable at the way things had turned out. Florine was lost to me, Frank's and his father's friendship, and my job. If I didn't go I'd be arrested and sent to jail. I couldn't go home. I'd go back to Chicago—I knew people there—and get a job. I'd find some way to get there. The only way I could get some money in the morning was to sell my best shoes to the second-hand clothing man near the station.

I got up at daylight. It still snowed. After dressing I wrapped my new shoes in a newspaper, tiptoed downstairs, and went out. The second-hand dealer hadn't yet opened when I reached his place. I waited until I saw a light in the dwelling part of the building. I knocked and he came. He gave me fifty cents for the shoes.

While waiting I had decided to go by trolley to Columbia, twelve miles west; from there to York, then to Pittsburgh. In Columbia I had twenty-five cents left and spent a dime for breakfast. I walked across a bridge spanning the Susquehanna River to Wrightsville, paying four cents toll. The bridge was a mile long. Several times I had to stop and hold to the railing, to keep from being blown over by the freezing gale coming down the river from the north. I walked through Wrightsville and out the road to York, another twelve miles away. A trolley line ran between the two places but the storm was blocking it. I'd have had to walk, anyhow, because the fare was a quarter and I had only eleven cents. I plugged on, feeling fresh for awhile, but after several miles I became tired, and stiff from the cold and my damp clothes.

A trolley passed, pushing through the snow towards Wrightsville. Hope of

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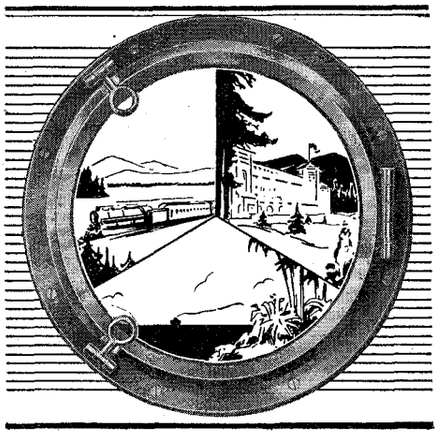

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getting it when it returned gave me strength for new effort. I went on, weaker and stiffer at every step, looking back every few minutes for the trolley. At last it came. From the point where I boarded it to York the fare was only a dime, which I had. A coal stove in the center of the car dried and warmed me by the time York was reached. After arriving I found a poolroom and went in. I stayed there all day, trying to get some one to back me in a game, but no one would, every one being suspicious and distrusting me because I was a stranger. When the proprietor was preparing to close for the night I went to him and told him my predicament, lying that I expected some money in the morning by mail or by wire. He said he couldn't do anything for me, and advised me to go to the police station and ask to be put up for the night. I didn't want to do that. After going out I walked around, hoping to find a restaurant which stayed open all night. Not finding any, I asked a passerby if there was one. He said no and walked on. I walked and walked, every minute colder, hungrier and sleepier. It was too cold to take a chance on sitting down anywhere—I'd probably fall asleep and freeze to death. A little later I slipped and fell. I got up with great difficulty. I reached the police station. They tried to question me, but I went to sleep in a chair without answering.

I woke in the morning lying on a wide bench in a cell. I asked to be let out. I was told they had found papers in my pocket showing that I was from Lancaster, and on telephoning the police there were told I was wanted for stealing from my employer. "Now I'm done for," I thought. I walked back and forth in the cell, numb with despair. What would happen to me? What would Florine think? My father and mother? Frank's father? How long would I be in jail? What would I do when I got out? "Swell chance I'll have to amount to anything! . . . Hell, I'm no cry-baby," I thought, hardening myself for what was ahead. "To hell with them. I can stand it. When I get out I won't give a damn for anything. I'll get money and enjoy myself."

In the afternoon a detective came from Lancaster and took me back. He brought me before a Justice of the Peace, who held me in five hundred dollars bail for the higher court. I was taken to the Lancaster County Jail to await trial. There I was put into a cell with a man about forty.

He told me he was in for stealing chickens. It was his sixth time. He expected to be sent to the Eastern Peni-

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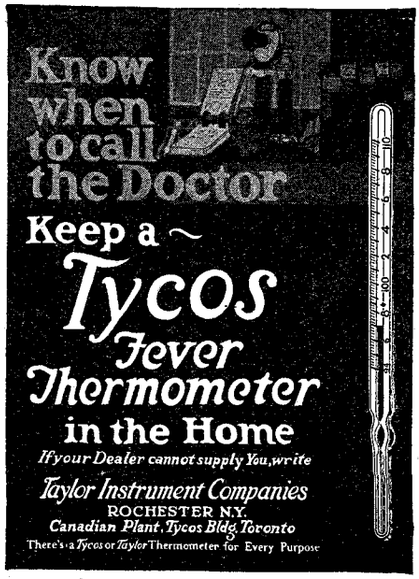
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tentiary. He'd been there twice before. He wouldn't mind. "Ain't much worse'n working hard all day'n not gittin' nawthin' fer it. Eatin' ain't bad'n sleepin's purty fair. Liquor and women's what I'll miss. I've had some swell gals in my day—'n I ain't done yit, neither. Gee! I 'member one time—"

He went on till late at night telling in complete detail things that had happened between him and various women. Many times I felt disgusted, but continued listening so that I could forget my own troubles. The next day and the next, every day, he went on and on. Listening to him led me to imagine myself having the experiences he described. Desire arose in me, displacing disgust, and making me forget more completely what was happening to me, what would happen.

When my cell-mate's stories, at moments, seemed exhausted, I told some, inventing additions to experiences I had had with girls.

I was brought to court for trial at the end of a week. I pleaded guilty. The judge asked me if I had anything to say before sentence. Hope leapt in me. I told him I wasn't bad, I didn't want to be bad. I wanted to be good and amount to something. Sending me to jail would put a mark on me, and hurt my chance to be good more than it would help. He asked if I didn't think being sent to a place where I could learn a trade wouldn't help me. I answered that I didn't think I needed to learn a trade to get along well; that I had been to high school and had better than an average education, and had become experienced in business; that without any help I had carried on Mr. Moore's business, while he was away, and built it up. I turned to Frank and asked if that wasn't so. Frank told the judge he thought I needed a lesson. The judge postponed sentence for a week until he could hear from my father and find out if I would be taken home. As soon as I was taken back to the jail I wrote my father a long letter about what had happened, blaming Frank for leaving me by myself, and asking him to write the judge that he would take me home.

My cell-mate had been to court at the same time. He had pleaded guilty and been sentenced to a year in the Eastern Penitentiary. "I'm lucky," he said, "that's only a good sleep. I can do that standing on my head." The next day he was taken to the Penitentiary.

The following Monday I went to court again. I hadn't heard from my father, and didn't know what would happen. When my case came up the judge asked the prosecutor if my father had been heard from. The prosecutor said that Mr. Moore had volunteered to see my father while he was in Philadelphia and had a message from him. Frank stepped forward, told the judge that my father had said he couldn't do anything with me and was satisfied to have me sent to a reform school. "Huntingdon Reformatory," the judge said, and asked for the next case. I tried to believe he hadn't said it, that something else was to happen. A sheriff's deputy came and led me away.

(To Be Continued)

Homogeneous America

(Continued from Page 287)

disadvantages for the exceptional individual, probably increases the happiness of the average man, since he can utter his thoughts with a certainty that they will be like the thoughts of his hearer. Moreover it promotes national cohesion and makes politics less bitter and violent than where more marked differences exist. I do not think it is possible to strike a balance of gains and losses, but I think the standardization which now exists in America is likely to exist throughout Europe as the world becomes more mechanized. Europeans, therefore, who find fault with America on this account should realize that they are finding fault with the future of their own countries, and are setting themselves against an inevitable and universal trend in civilization. Undoubtedly internationalism will become easier as the differences between nations diminish, and if once internationalism were established, social cohesion would become of enormous importance for preserving internal peace.

There is a certain risk, which cannot be denied, of an immobility analagous to that of the late Roman Empire. But as against this, we may set the revolutionary forces of modern science and modern technique. Short of a universal intellectual decay, these forces, which are a new feature in the modern world, will make immobility impossible, and prevent that kind of stagnation which has overtaken great empires in the past. Arguments from history are dangerous to apply to the present and the future, because of the complete change that science has introduced. I see therefore no reason for undue pessimism, however standardization may offend the tastes of those who are unaccustomed to it.

Our Teachers

(Continued from Page 293)

gum, and candy nearly three times as much as they spend for the education of their children, many of whom are still mewed up in dismal and insanitary hovels called schoolhouses, and in charge of untrained and negative teachers.

What do these squanderers say about the matter, during these happy and inspiring interludes in their busy lives which are known as conventions? Beyond re-affirming their faith in the public school and expressing their belief that expenditures for public education are the most generally profitable

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investments a nation can make, and deploring the attacks upon the costs of schools, they are not likely to pass resolutions on the subject of the meager wages of teachers. But they do resolve and work: against the menace of illiteracy and of ill health, the outworn barbarism of war, and the insidious wiles of all who are intent upon greedy gain through the neglect or exploitation of children; and in favor of a higher degree of skill in their profession, the liberation of childhood from the stunting effects of hard labor, and equal educational opportunity for all.

Behind the Blurbs

(Continued from Page 311)

own childhood, is *Ella*[1], by Elisabeth Wilkins Thomas. It is the uneventful life of an imaginative and sensitive girl, through whose eyes you go through school and college to a post as teacher in a private school. There is a child-like freshness about it that will delight you, and it is even an important book, just because it deals with the unimportant things that make up nine-tenths of our lives—the nine-tenths upon which we really base whatever knowledge and wisdom we apply to the problems of the important other tenth. ☙ ☙ ☙ C. R. Benstead's *Retreat*[2] is the story of the disintegration of a British army chaplain who arrived at the front in 1918 full of missionary zeal and found himself simply in the way. Self-important, totally lacking in understanding, accustomed to the deference and respect of his parishioners, the realization of his complete insignificance was too much for him to contemplate and retain his sanity—particularly when he was almost continually under fire. The officers with whom he lives during the trying days of the retreat, although he is a constant irritation, do what they can, but he cuts himself off from them, building about himself a wall of misunderstanding and fear behind which he eventually goes mad. The battle pictures are vivid and the characters sharply outlined. ☙ ☙ ☙ J. D. Beresford's *Love's Illusion*[3] is the very competently written story of young love in 1902 or thereabouts, told through the recollections of a middle aged man, who not too sentimentally regrets his vanished naïveté and youth. Geoffrey, son of a country parson, falls in love with Brenda Maxwell, daughter of the local squire. Mrs. Maxwell favors the affair, which she uses to cover up a rather disgraceful affair of her own. The scandal comes out, however, involving Geoffrey to a certain extent, but by that time Brenda, who is her mother's daughter, has tired of him. The tragedy of Geoffrey's disillusion is softened by the distance from which it is seen. ☙ ☙ ☙ The best African big game book we have read in several years is W. S. Chadwick's *Giants of the Forest*[4]. Such books are of two kinds: those by veteran writers with limited hunting experience, and those by veteran hunters with limited writing experience. The first may be smooth, entertaining, even authoritative, but are necessarily superficial in comparison with the second. The man who knows, unfortunately, cannot always transmit his knowledge. But Mr Chadwick can. And in these pages you'll find the cream of his twenty-five years' experience as hunter, policeman and ox-driver in jungle and veld. There are many stories of hunting lions, elephant, hippo,

1 Viking $2.50.
2 Century $2.50.
3 Viking $2.50.
4 Bobbs-Merrill $5.00.

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The Million Pound Deposit, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little, Brown. The "King of Story-tellers" up to his usual form in his 109th novel about respectable and unscrupulous criminals. Reviewed January 15.

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff: Coward-McCann. A philosophical romance of the fall of aristocracy, beginning in Sixteenth Century Florence and ending in present-day Chicago. Full of color and vigor. Reviewed January 8.

All Our Yesterdays, by H. M. Tomlinson: Harper. One of the most profound of war books, and a noble piece of English prose. Reviewed January 8.

Mothers Cry, by Helen Grace Carlisle: Harper. A woman at fifty clears out the store-rooms of her mind. Reviewed January 8.

Non-Fiction

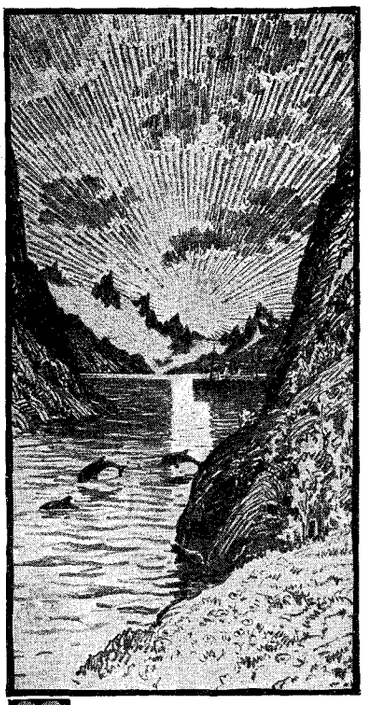
The Rise of American Civilization, by Charles and Mary Beard: Macmillan. *One volume edition of* an American classic.

Is Sex Necessary, by James Thurber and E. B. White: Harper. The season's laugh hit; droll and bright.

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the reconstruction period. Reviewed September 11.

Franklin, the Apostle of Modern Times, by Bernard Fay: Little, Brown. An intelligent Frenchman's portrait of the father of the American business man. Reviewed January 1.

July '14, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This deals with who was responsible for the World War, and finds that all Europe was guilty.



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buffalo and rhinoceros, as well as lesser game. The last third of the book, Rambling Reminiscences, includes a trip into a swamp country never before entered by a white man, tales of daring hunters, bad men, and odd characters, as well as two animal stories—one of a dog, one of an ox—which are among the best animal stories we have read. Mr. Chadwick's views on the game laws are interesting. He believes that it is not the white hunters in their motors who are responsible for the extermination of African game, but the natives, who are allowed to hunt practically without restriction. ☙ ☙ ☙ Fit to rank with any of the classic tales of escape is Francesco Nitti's *Escape*[5], which tells how he and two others, Italian political prisoners on the island of Lipari, plotted for over a year and managed, with the aid of outside friends, to swim out into the harbor at a given time and be picked up by a swift motor boat. The description of the injustice, cruelty and stupidity with which the Fascists treat their political enemies does not give a very favorable picture of Mussolini's methods. The American publishers received many letters threatening dire things if the book was brought out, but to date no bombs have exploded under Mr. Putnam, though practical joking friends have not failed to send him a certain number of mysterious looking packages that tick when the ear is applied to them. ☙ ☙ ☙ *On Virgin Soil*[6] is a vivid, unusual novel of German East Africa during the War—the chief figure, Huessen, a young lieutenant commanding a company of the grotesque, demoralized German garrison under the shadow of Kilimanjaro. They were "drunkards and heroes through necessity," these bravos, derelicts and planters, serving against their will while their plantations went to wreck; and this is the story of their drunkenness as well as of their heroism. The translation is for the most part excellent. ☙ ☙ ☙ The Crime Club's $5000 prize mystery story, *While the Patient Slept*[7] is a tale told by a nurse who comes to the gloomy Federie mansion to look after Grandpa Federie, who is unconscious until page 310, and practically at the foot of whose bed two murders take place. There's a houseful of murmurs and mysterious footsteps and gallant but suspicious acting Federies, and a green jade elephant and a savage cook and a piratical house man; and strong as are nurse's nerves, things are continually happening to make her jump, so that she hops like a flea through the eerie chapters. For eerie it is, as eerie can be, and a good yarn to boot. 'Tis our Thriller of the Week.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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With Our Readers

Moral or Social?

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Braddock, Pa.*

DEAR SIR:

I am one subscriber that cannot answer "Amen" to Mr. Dudley E. Whiting's letter in the February 12 issue, under the caption of "Definition of Religion." Mr. Whiting would divorce morality from religion so completely that the one would have no part in the other at all. I maintain just as vigorously that a man cannot be truly moral (i. e. conform his conduct to the standard of moral right) unless he is religious at least in the sense of believing in the existence of a Supreme Being. . . . Mr. Whiting, in my humble opinion, confuses the moral code with the social code. The two are not identical, though they intersect and overlap. There are some actions banned by both codes such as murder, stealing, and the like. But are these actions morally wrong just because they are socially wrong; because it so happens that the social conventions frown on them? Mr. Whiting must answer yes, because for him morality is determined by the social code. Or does their moral wrongness ante-date all social custom, and arise from their intrinsic badness? Present day custom, we know, forbids the killing of one's aged grandmother. But custom, we also know, changes from day to day. Thus it may happen that some day men will come to regard the killing of one's aged grandmother of benefit to the social group. To be consistent Mr. Whiting must admit that in his scheme of morals such an action would become a morally good one.

Mr. Whiting further asks: "Why should we accept the same principles which have existed for thousands of years?" Can it be that he objects to these principles because of their hoary age? If it is, then he should logically object to the multiplication table. No, it is not their age; it is only a question of men trying to suit principles to their lives, rather than their lives to principles. I wonder, when Mr. Whiting goes out to buy a hat, whether he chooses a hat that will fit his head, or whether he makes his head fit the hat, the shape and size of which fashion has decreed the well-dressed man should wear.

CARL P. HENSLER

Correction

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Massillon, Ohio*

DEAR SIR:

We received a most unpleasant shock when reading the article on the new Chrysler Building which appeared on page 213 of your February 5th issue.

The young but very vigorous stainless steel industry points with considerable pride to the Chrysler Building as the first large structure to make liberal use of Nirosta Steel, but your article refers to the material as "chromium plated." For your information, the types of steel known as Nirosta, of which our company is one of the largest producers, is a material which eliminates the necessity for plating of any kind since it can be polished to a bright silver finish which is absolutely weather proof. It will ultimately replace all plated work on automobiles, just as soon as production reaches a point which will permit its employment in this manner. The new Ford is now using this material for radiator shells, lamps and other bright parts, and other motor car producers will soon follow suit. . . .

L. S. HAMAKER

Very Encouraging

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Washington, D. C.*

DEAR SIR:

I read the articles in the Outlook and Independent with pleasure. Those with which I differ give me an enlarged point of view. Those with which I agree state the case better than I can.

Your Editorial "Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment" is fine.

The page entitled "With our Readers" is entertaining. How can any one believe that an organization as large and important as the Catholic Church can be without critics both from within and without? This can never happen!

The Christian Science writers, themselves very familiar with the history of their church, presume that others are also. This is a mistake. They leave Christian Science at a disadvantage for they let mere assertions oppose an array of documents. If they would give references to accessible literature and show where the claims of these documents had been refuted, I for one would read them gladly. Mrs. Springer's note is a gem.

J. E. B.

Short But Sweet

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Boise, Idaho*

DEAR SIR:

In the humble opinion of at least one Connecticut citizen the article of Willard Cooper "For the Coast Guard" in The Outlook and Independent merits the wholehearted endorsement and approval of all good citizens.

J. A. P.

The Irrepressible Issue

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

You were probably aware and doubtless expected that your courageous editorial, "Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment" will produce many vilifying letters from your correspondents, both from subscribers, ex-subscribers, and non-subscribers. Therefore, I feel it incumbent upon me to be among those who not only praise you for your splendid stand, but thank you for a sane and clear exposition of the prohibition situation that has developed in the course of these years.

As an old subscriber to your magazine, I have watched the course of your stand, from the days before Prohibition, when you opposed the adoption of the Amendment, through the days, when to many it seemed a change of front, when, the Amendment having been adopted, you supported law enforcement and were willing to give the "noble (?) experiment" a chance; and now slowly during the last two or three years, you have been studying the question carefully and reached your own conclusions. Therefore your editorial is the more to be respected and should carry the greater weight. Naturally it will not be liked by the fanatics, and as you say there will be no help from the "Cannons and Wilsons."

Long ago it was whispered that the Eighteenth Amendment was a Bolshevistic move. It seemed a foolish statement then, but it led to so much undermining of the institutions of government that America has stood for, that it now seems it may and can be true. But let us hope America will wake up before it is too late. Such a courageous step as yours will lead and point the way.

E. C. SCHERMERHORN

Comments from Congress

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Washington, D. C.*

DEAR SIR:

. . . . Opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment must rest upon one or both of two grounds: one would be that Prohibition is in itself an unwise policy: the other would be that even assuming its wisdom, it is a matter for local government in the state and not a Federal Government function. It is apparent that there is no adequate way of handling the liquor problem other than by Prohibition as long as the Eighteenth Amendment stands. Any other adequate solution must necessarily depend upon the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

CLARENCE F. LEA (M. C., Calif.)

Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Washington, D. C.*

DEAR SIR:

The investigation of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. and their finding of facts were made known to me a short time ago by the Vice-President of that company and I told him that an exact counterpart of these facts was discovered by me personally in reference to the miners and mill workers of the coal region of Pennsylvania.

There is not any doubt about the facts at all and the reiteration by advocates of Prohibition that the working classes have been benefited is so ludicrously false, to those who have taken the trouble to investigate, that it is nothing less than disgusting.

Like conditions produce like results and ninety-nine per cent of the hard working labor people who toil in unwholesomeness and unesthetic surroundings are going to have some form of stimulation, which to them is the only form of relaxation.

I am, therefore, more and more convinced that unless this unhuman law is modified or the Eighteenth Amendment, which never did have and should not have a place in the Constitution, is recalled our country is doomed. This is my honest conviction.

GEORGE F. BRUMM (M. C., Pa.)

Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Washington, D. C.*

DEAR SIR:

. . . I agree with you that the Constitution of the United States is no place for an amendment of this nature, and I will do all I can to secure a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

RICHARD P. FREEMAN (M. C., Conn.)

Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Washington, D. C.*

DEAR SIR:

. . . I have been a member of Congress since 1915 and I have always opposed the Eighteenth Amendment as vigorously as I knew how.

My statement at the time of its passage was that such was the character of man, such the limitations of government, and such the nature of alcohol, that in the end total compulsory prohibition must of necessity be a tragic failure.

GEORGE HOLDEN TINKHAM (M. C., Mass.)

Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Washington, D. C.*

DEAR SIR:

. . . I am in general sympathy with the views expressed in your editorial, for I feel very strongly that some modification of the Prohibition law is necessary to eradicate the very many new and serious political and social evils that have resulted since the passage of the Volstead Law.

DAVID I. WALSH (Senator, Mass.)

The Other Side

Editor of the Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I have enjoyed your paper so much that I subscribed two years in advance. Now you are spoiling it for me by your one-sided view on the Prohibition question. You see, or allow others to express, only its disadvantages and of course no human institution is perfect. Will you please give us the whole truth from the Metropolitan Life Ins. Co. The year 1918 was the year of lowest consumption on account of the War and war measures. What was the percentage in 1912 and 1913? What are the figures of other Life Insurance Companies and what is the increase in policies?

Your argument about the Constitution leaves me cold because that instrument was specifically designed to promote the welfare and happiness of all the people and considering women and children, as well as men, that has been done in spite of the determined effort to prove that it could not be done.

I remember too well the deplorable conditions in the cities in which I lived under local option and the strangle hold of the liquor interests in state legislatures to welcome the idea of a return until you "wets" can give us a constructive plan that has not already been tried and proved a failure. . .

EDITH M. BAKER

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